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NATIONAL REVIEW

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The Face of America's Universities

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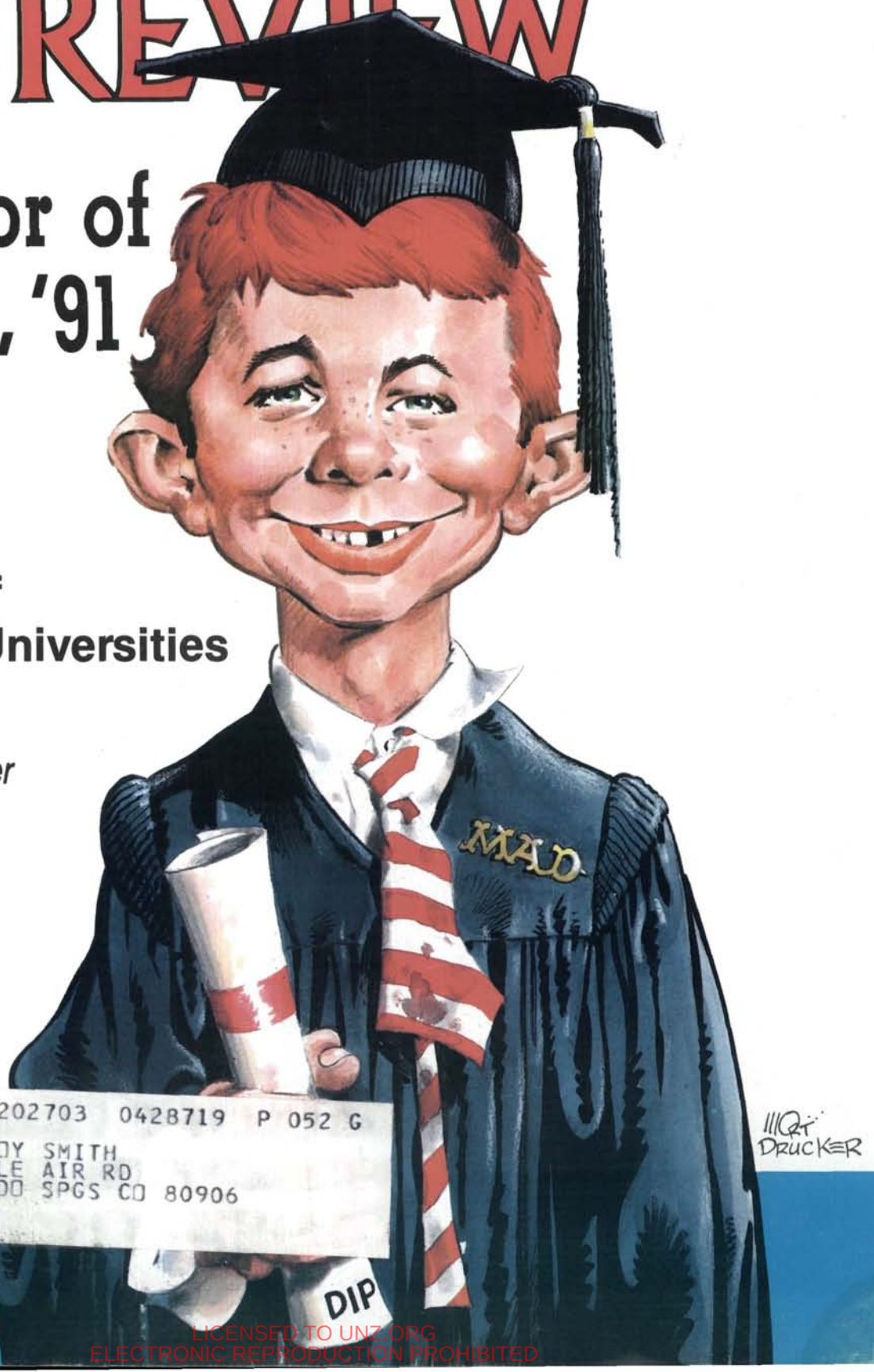
and Hugh Kenner



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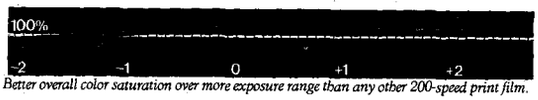

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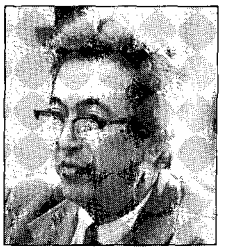
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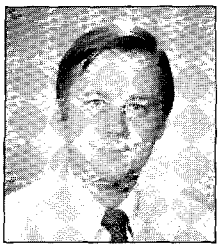
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LETTERS

Tuckered Out

When I first saw the (extremely striking) cover of the September 25 *NR*, I thought the cover story ["Where Do the Homeless Come From?" by William Tucker] would explain that all the homeless come from someplace like Kansas. I was not expecting a social scientist's view on rent control. I don't see how Tucker's argument could satisfy either another social scientist or a member of the general public.

One problem for the layman is that it's always hard to think when you're worrying about just what goes into witches' brews like the poverty rate. Even when you know what the numbers are supposed to represent, they're probably as controversial as HUD's figures on homelessness.

A social scientist, meanwhile, would have all sorts of quibbles; after all, that's what they do. Why does Tucker drop five cities from the HUD database? How did he decide which 15 of his own to add? As far as I can tell, his caveat on page forty ("It could also mean that data on homelessness are so amorphous that nothing useful can be extracted from them") still holds.

Tucker certainly hasn't *proved* his point that "truly widespread homelessness does not occur . . . until a city imposes rent control." We need a year-by-year study for that. Certainly, you'd think New York's homelessness problem would have surfaced a lot sooner, given that rent control started a quarter-century earlier there. I'm not convinced.

David Steinberg
West Hartford, Conn.

Return of the Kempi

A recent letter by Dr. M. E. Bradford and friends [Sept. 11] sought to challenge an *NR* editorial lauding the presidential candidacy of Congressman Jack Kemp [Aug. 14]. Allow me to respond.

The letter-writers scolded Kemp for attacking party regulars as being insensitive to Hispanics. So what? The truth sometimes hurts, and Kemp was right on target. In my nearly 12 years of grassroots party work, I have been constantly amazed at how Republicans refuse to court minorities, even though they are ripe for the picking. Blacks and Hispanics are offered moral bankruptcy and economic dead ends by the Democrats, but we can offer them opportunity and strong family values, which they love. I'm afraid, though, that the Republicans have become too adjusted to being the minority party and want to remain so.

The writers' moaning over Kemp's unnamed "deviations from conservative policies" shows a serious illness in our movement. We have become so disappointed with Reagan that we now demand the Perfect Candidate. And so Kemp, who insists he will carry on the Reagan Revolution without betraying the Contras or selling out to the successors of Stalin, is besieged by cynics who, like bedbugs, draw lifeblood while country-clubbers like Bush and Dole forge ahead. Conservatives must stop being crybabies, get off the sidelines, and get behind Kemp, the only electable brother.

One last point. I just spent two years working in the bowels of the Republican National Committee as Executive Director of the College Republican National Committee. In that headquarters of country-club, establishment losers, Kemp is despised. Therefore, as a conservative, I trust him.

Dennis M. Kilcoyne
Greenville, N.C.

Keeping Cool with Morris

In your September 11 "For the Record," you point out that Morris the Cat has greater name recognition than any other presidential candidate for 1988.

My research on Morris indicates that he has not attained the age of 35 required by the Constitution for presidential candidacy. Morris belongs to an ethnic group that is short-lived.

It's a crying shame. We could have had another Silent Cal.

Robert W. Whitaker
Falls Church, Va.

Remember the Stark

I have trouble understanding people like Richard H. Timberlake ["Letters," Aug. 14] who protest our presence in the Persian Gulf to defend the freedom of shipping in the region. He uses the old argument that because we import less than 5 per cent of our oil from sources that ship through the Gulf, we should leave the defense of the area to those countries that are more directly interested.

In an era of international markets, it

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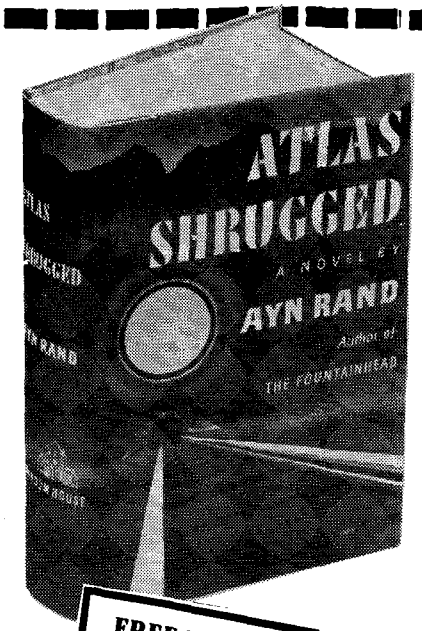

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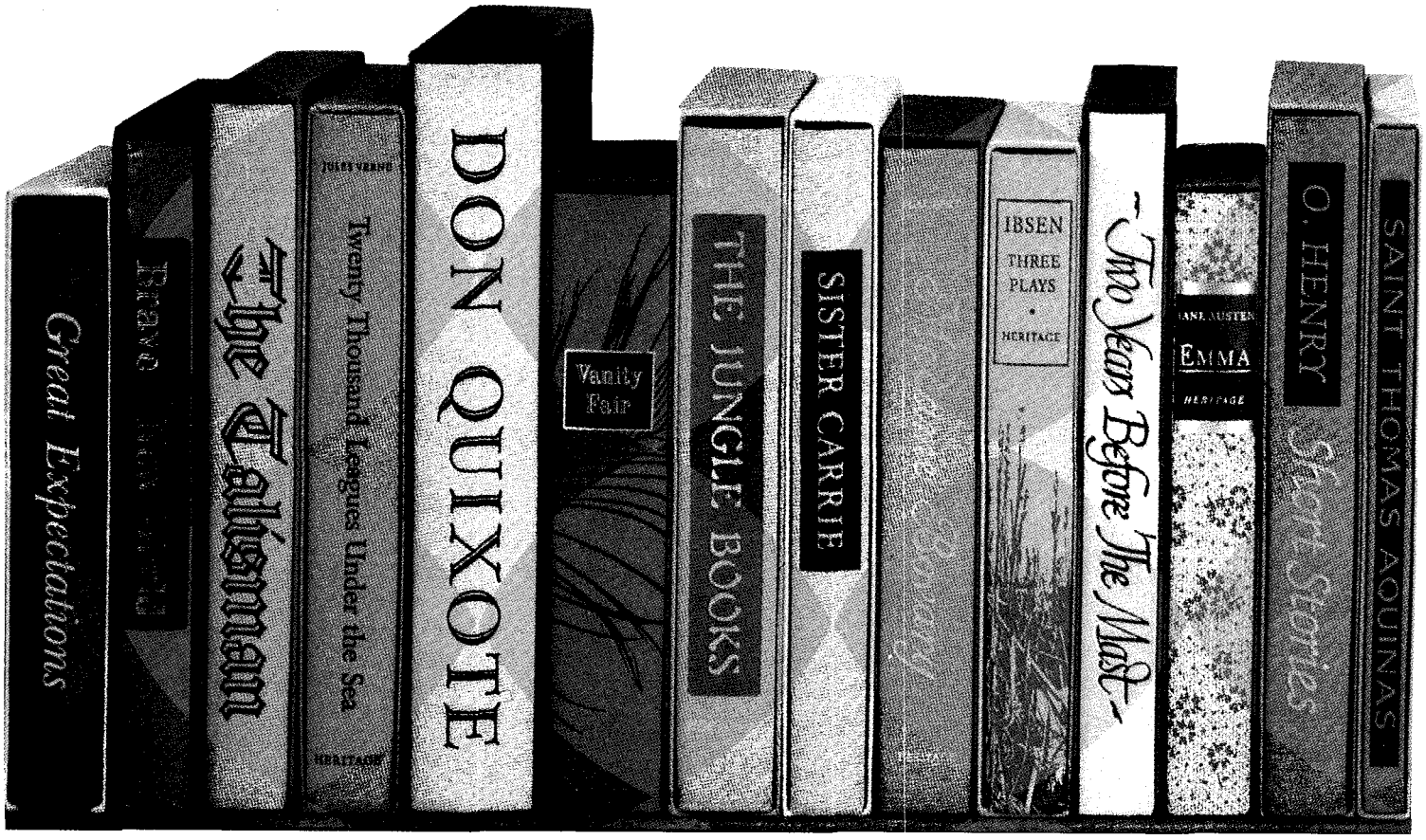

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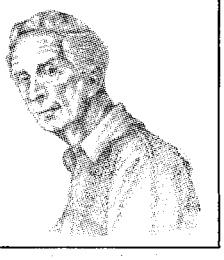

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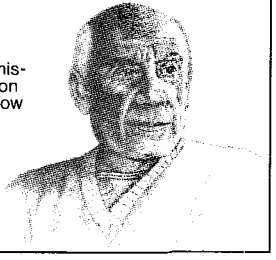

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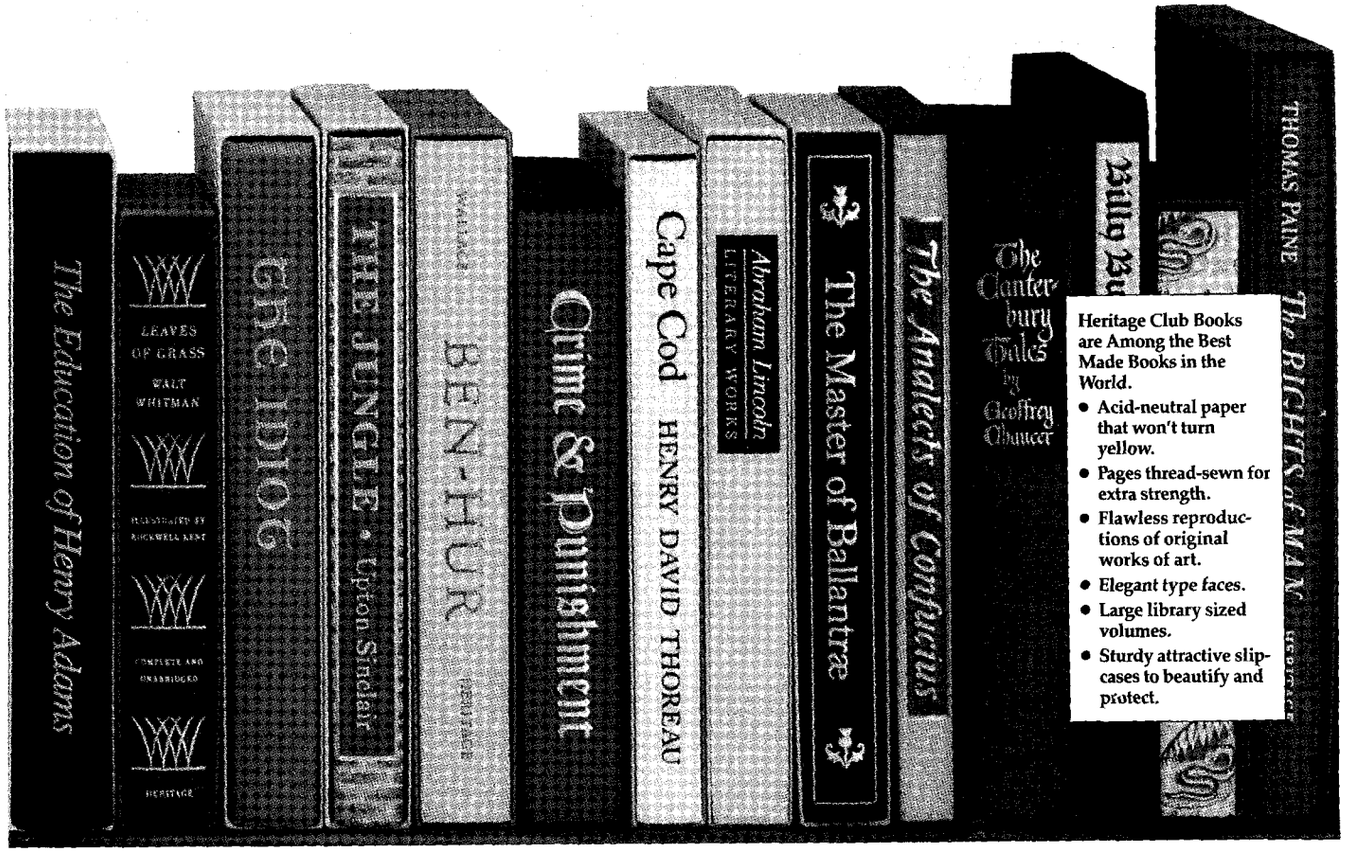

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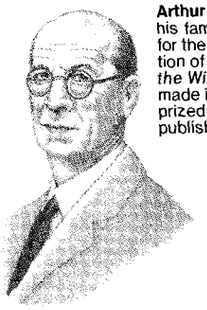

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makes no difference where our oil happens to come from right now. If the oil flow from the Middle East dries up, those countries that import from there will have to find another source and will be bidding against consumers in the United States for the remaining supply. In short, the free transport of oil through the Gulf is of interest to us as much because of the oil supply as it is because of the principle of freedom of the seas or because of the "pompous recitations of imperialistic slogans."

Robert M. Rubin
Tampa, Fla.

Fight for the Right

Mr. Jason Dudenhoeffer claims ["Letters," Aug. 14] that conservatives should stop accusing the media and congressmen of left-wing bias, lest our journalistic friends resort to spiteful leftism. By this logic, the U.S. Treasury ought to stop prosecuting counterfeiters for printing fake twenties, lest they begin running off bogus hundreds.

Contrary to Mr. Dudenhoeffer's claim, "everyone" does not know that CBS is "bogus." It is an unfortunate fact that in our society, with its average education level of the seventh grade, many people accept the evening news at face value. More importantly, the viewpoints that are edited out of, or never appear on, the CBS Evening News—or ABC, NBC, or CNN for that matter—are most often those reflecting a conservative outlook.

Pointing out the bias of the news media, then, or the leftward leanings of congressional heavyweights is not only fair, but appropriate and necessary. It is no certainty that "Bork will be nominated, North vindicated, and Bush elected," as Mr. Dudenhoeffer asserts. While more than a few of us conservatives would prefer that the last of these *not* happen, we should all be aware that while liberalism may be dead as a political philosophy, it still dominates the arts, the social sciences, and the communications media. We ought not fear saying so.

Andrew Kone
Philadelphia, Pa.

Come Together

At the heart of William Hawkins's article "Free Trade Is No Free Lunch" [Aug. 28] is the notion that if the U.S. sacrifices its nationalism to the immediate return of economic efficiency, the security of the West will suffer.

Let me begin by agreeing with Mr. Hawkins on two rules of thumb for trade with the enemies of the West:

1. Never trade Western high-technology assets.

2. Never become dependent on resources found exclusively outside the West.

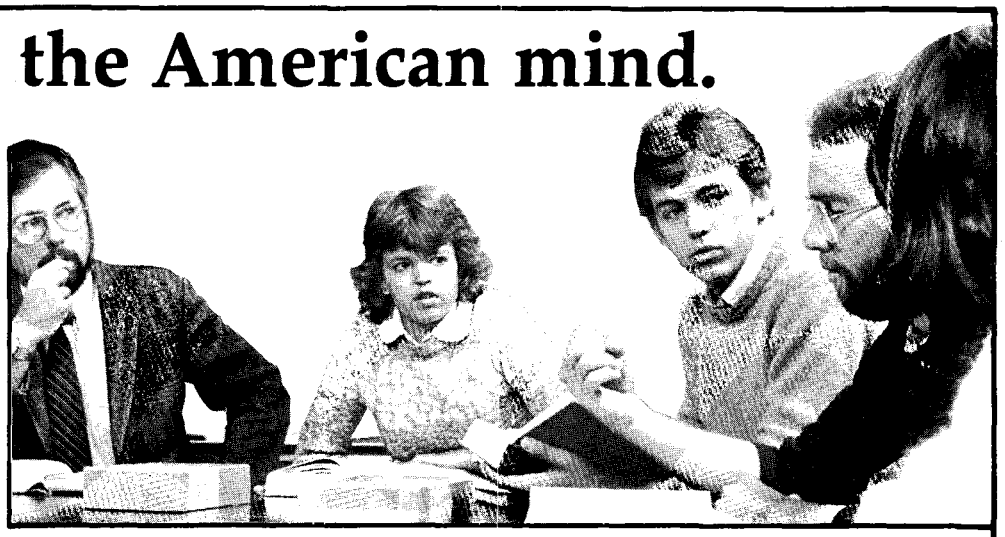
My problem is with his assumption that the U.S. can or should be the unilateral guarantor of those guidelines. It seems unsound to expect the United States to restrict imports from allies in order to protect those allies.

Mr. Hawkins gets a big kick out of George Gilder's case against curbing high-tech exports, but he doesn't even begin to challenge his assertion that, in the context of an interdependent world economy, *unilaterally* containing those assets hurts our competitive position with the rest of the world and often does not even work.

The answer is not limiting imports from allies, but breaking down barriers to Western cooperation in foreign affairs. That way, trade need only be restricted when between the West and the Soviet bloc.

Chris A. Lanzi
Smyrna, Ga.

Opening the American mind.



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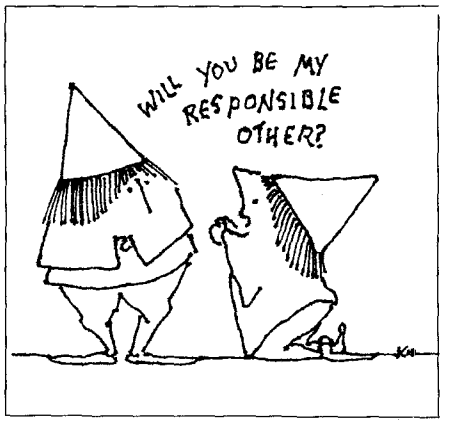
FOR THE RECORD

As the curtain went up on the **Robert Bork** confirmation hearings it was the judgment of *Washington Post*'s political columnist **David Broder** that had "Bork been appointed in any year between 1981 and 1986, the political case for his confirmation would have been overwhelming." I.e., at that time **Ronald Reagan** had brought off two major landslides, but had not yet lost the Senate. . . . **George Will** pointed out that far from being out of the "mainstream," as **Joe Biden** claims, many of Bork's opinions place him in the company of **Hugo Black**, **John Harlan**, **Felix Frankfurter**, liberal heroes all. . . . **Lloyd Cutler**, whose liberal credentials are 24-carat—legal counsel to **Jimmy Carter**, liberal Democrat, civil-rights activist, anti-Vietnam advocate—is in hot water with his peers for writing *New York Times* Op-Ed piece supporting Bork (a sometime colleague at Yale Law School). He may quit Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under the Law, which he helped found, over its attack on Bork signed by former Attorneys General **Nicholas DeB. Katzenbach** and **Ramsey Clark**, and former SecState **Cyrus Vance**, among others. . . . Administration will counter with pro-Bork testimony by former Attorneys General **Griffin Bell** and **Edward Levi**, former SecState **William P. Rogers**, and raise with testimony by former Chief Justice **Warren Burger** and former President **Gerald Ford**, who described Bork as "the most qualified candidate for the Supreme Court in the last fifty years." . . . **William Raspberry**, the widely read black syndicated columnist, has come out against Bork but reports that **Ronald Davenport**, black dean of the Duquesne University Law School, who opposed **William Rehnquist**'s nomination to the Court in 1971, supports Bork. He quotes Davenport, a student of Bork's at Yale: "The thing that has Bork in such trouble with women and minorities," says Davenport, "is his . . . professorial habit of intellectual musings, his penchant for asking hard questions that may not be at all reflective of what he would do on the Court." . . . In the "Who said what when?" game that's going the rounds, latest victim is Sen. **Edward Kennedy**. This is what Kennedy said in defense of Carter's controversial nomination of liberal **Abner Mikva** to the bench in 1977: "If strong political views were a disqualifying factor from serving on the federal bench, then all of us here today—and every man and woman who has ever served in either House of Congress or held a political office—would be disqualified."



Richard Scammon calls them "the Seven Clones." **Bruce Babbitt**'s press aide, **Michael McCurry**, finds "the Seven Dwarfs" preferable to "the Sominex Six," which is what the Democratic field was called in '84. But fact is, no one is breaking out of pack. Latest *Time* mag poll shows: in lead, **Undecided**, 28 per cent; second **Jesse Jackson**, 26 per cent; third, **Michael Dukakis**, 11 per cent; the remaining five in single digits. . . . In name recognition, Jackson is well ahead: nine out of ten Democrats recognize him, only three out of ten recognize Dukakis. . . . **Richard Nixon**, incidentally, thinks it will be **Mario Cuomo** *v.* **George Bush**, which Cuomo finds "amusing." But Cuomo's recent pronouncements on foreign affairs and his European trip could be laying groundwork for later entry. . . . Region where Dukakis moves ahead of pack is New England, with 52 per cent of the vote in New Hampshire polls, and handy leads in Vermont and Maine. General Manager **James Coopersmith** of Boston station WCBM-TV tells why Boston television favors Dukakis: "Our experience with President **Kennedy** tells us if you get a local man who becomes President, wonderful new tall government buildings suddenly start to spring up around here."

Right in Motion: **L. Brent Bozell III** and **Brent Baker**, formerly publisher and editor of popular *Newswatch*, report they expect to be back in business with new newsletter, *Media Watch*, in short order. Bozell and Baker resigned from National Conservative Foundation, of which Bozell had been president, when **Maiselle Shortley**—sister of the late **Terry Dolan**, who founded NCF—was named president. The new organization will be called Media Research Center. . . . *Wall Street Journal* applauds new, streamlined American Enterprise Institute under direction of **Christopher DeMuth**, who has recruited hard-liners **Jeane Kirkpatrick** and **Richard Perle**, among others, for its foreign-policy operations. . . . American Conservative Union out with useful rating of four major House votes on Contra aid since 1985. Presidential candidate **Richard Gephardt** gets zero, ditto Majority Leader **Jim Wright**; Armed Services Committee chairman **Les Aspin** gets 50 per cent; he voted against Contra aid last time around after leadership threatened his committee chairmanship. . . . This year's prestigious Ingersoll Prizes have gone to Mexican poet **Octavio Paz** (the **T. S. Eliot** Award for Creative Writing) and to West German philosopher **Josef Pieper** (**Richard M. Weaver** Award for Scholarly Letters).

How to Write a Communiqué, from the Ministry of War, Chad: "The destruction of the murderous Matan as Sarra air and ground military complex must be written in golden letters in the great book of victories."

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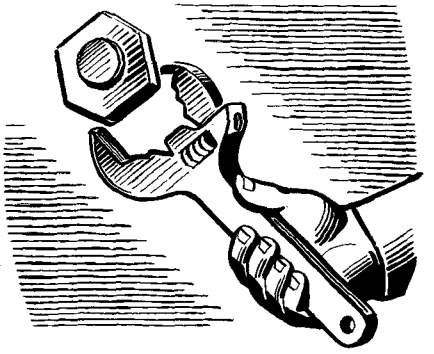

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THE WEEK

☐ The bad news is that Jesus Christ was tied for fourth place in an "idol" poll with Lee Iacocca. The good news is that Colonel North, President Reagan, and Clint Eastwood finished one, two, three.

☐ Federal student aid has increased from $6.8 billion to $8.8 billion since 1980. University and college endowments have doubled—after inflation—since then. Syndicated columnist Warren Brookes has looked at figures compiled by the National Association of College and University Business Officers (NACUBO) and learned that endowments valued at $20 billion in 1980 have ballooned to $64 billion. Harvard's endowment rose 175 per cent, Stanford's 214 per cent, Yale's 229 per cent, Princeton's 347 per cent. Setting aside the old question about transferring money from lower-middle-class taxpayers to upwardly mobile college kids, it's irritating to see the beneficiaries of Reaganomics decrying Reagan, and Reaganomics. Bruce Dressner, Dartmouth's endowment czar, complains: "We are just barely holding our own . . . just keeping pace with inflation." He ought to know better, since he *compiles* the NACUBO survey that demonstrates the universities' growth.

☐ A federal appeals court has reversed a lower court's ruling that a group of Tennessee schoolbooks promotes the religion of secular humanism. The schools can now force children to read the books, even if they or their parents object. Score another point for tolerance and intellectual freedom. Judge Cornelia Kennedy also said the local schools have a legitimate interest in "promoting cohesion among a heterogeneous democratic people"—meaning, we guess, that unity may be imposed on any basis except a religious one. The plaintiffs' constitutional case was pretty flimsy, but no more so than Madalyn Murray's when she objected to school prayer on the same grounds. It's none too clear what the sovereign principle here is; what *is* clear is that the religious side always seems to lose in the federal courts.

☐ Between 1982 and 1986 America's median family income rose by 10.7 per cent in constant dollars. When that figure is broken down by race, it turns out that median black family income rose by 14.8 per cent (45 per cent faster than median white family income). Meanwhile, there are 7.5 per cent fewer families earning less than $12,500 a year than in 1981, when (ho ho!) Ronald Reagan took office.

☐ Secretary of State George Shultz has announced that the Administration plans to seek $270 million in aid for the Contras in order to "end the doubt and uncertainty" about U.S. commitment to the Nicaraguan resistance. Shultz did not say, understandably, that at least some of the doubt and uncertainty has been caused by the Administration's own policy meanderings in recent weeks. Now that the Administration is finally steadying its course, we can expect that the Democrats in Congress will play their usual obstructionist role. Liberals, it has been said, are generous with other people's money. Except when it comes to questions of national survival, where they prefer to be generous with other people's freedom and security.

☐ Asked to account for his Castromania in 1984, Jesse Jackson said that after all he had succeeded in effecting the political liberty of a dozen Cubans. The question is seldom then asked, "Why did they lose their liberty in the first place?" Releasing prisoners has become the regal gesture. Mitterrand was given Valladares five years ago, and last week, Nicaragua's Daniel Ortega gave Senator Thomas Harkin (D., Iowa) Lino Hernández (director of the Permanent Commission for Human Rights in Managua) and Alberto Saborío (president of the Nicaraguan Bar Association). How had they got into jail? By testing the proclamation of political liberty, part of the background noise

The Same Old Crowd

The ACLU's down on Bork;
  The ABA is split,
While Molly Yard and all the girls
  Are mad enough to spit.
Additionally, Messrs. Dodd
  And Kennedy rail on,
Though Mr. Biden seems to be
  Stuck in the Rubicon.

W. H. von Dreele

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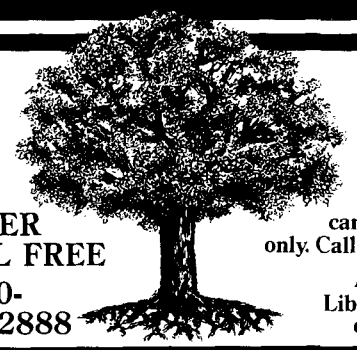

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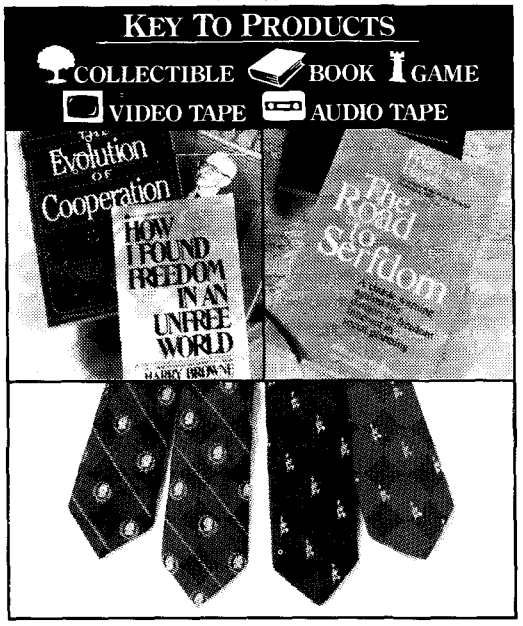

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

REAGAN, the lucky Celt, may be gaining momentum. Bedeviled by the Iran-Contra hearings this spring, he seemed withdrawn and vaguely melancholy. When he *was* active, it was for his "Economic Bill of Rights," too arcane to go anywhere. Now the President is on track again in three areas: 1) he's fighting hard for Robert Bork's confirmation; 2) he's found his direction again in Nicaragua, i.e., a push for $270 million in Contra aid to take effect as soon as the current package expires on September 30; 3) the Shultz-Shevardnadze meeting will lead, says the consensus here, to a superpower Summit and a Euromissile accord that, it is claimed, will satisfy even conservatives. How Reagan fares in these efforts will determine whether he's made a comeback. "The next 16 weeks is the key to the next 16 months of Reagan's Presidency," correctly observes Christopher Bowman, RNC political director. Symbolic of the Reagan rebound is his recent meeting with 250 senior political appointees. "It was a high-energy rally," says an attendee. "He's back to his own self."

How much money the presidential candidates have raised to date is noteworthy, but so is how they're spending it. The Federal Election Commission's second-quarter reports are telling. Not surprisingly, all the candidates are concentrating money in Iowa and New Hampshire. The biggest spender in those two states is Bruce Babbitt, who by June 30 had doled out $228,000 in Iowa, $62,000 in New Hampshire. Babbitt had also spent more days in Iowa than any other candidate, Democrat or Republican. At one point he had overextended his $1.4 million by $200,000, and at last computation had only $20,000 left in the coffers. Yet the former Arizona governor trails miserably at the bottom.

Michael Dukakis, the Democrat with the most money, has spent just $71,000 of his $4.7 million in Iowa and $12,000 in New Hampshire. In his home state of Massachusetts, the Duke has lavished funds, but still has on hand over $3.5 million. Joe Biden, meanwhile, after spending $100,000 in Iowa, has channeled most of his money to Massachusetts. Biden is the number-two Democratic fundraiser to date with $3.3 million.

Gephardt is right behind him with $2.3 million, but has only allocated money to Iowa, New Hampshire, and his home state, Missouri. Paul Simon is devoting funds to three states as well, including *his* home state, Illinois, but given that he has just $927,000, this strategy may be due to economic exigency. Simon, by the way, was the only announced candidate who did not qualify for federal matching funds at the last FEC filing.

Jesse Jackson and Pat Schroeder, both technically still unannounced, have not released fundraising figures to the FEC. Mrs. Schroeder, who will certainly run even though she is closer to $1 million than her originally sought $2 million, has been receiving four dollars for every one spent in a national fundraising mailing, a phenomenal return, and twice what Gary Hart received at his peak.

The GOP has two fundraising tiers: those who have little and those who have lots. In the lots category, George Bush leads, with $9.5 million. Though Bush has spent more money in Iowa and New Hampshire and has a larger staff there than the rest of the GOP candidates, he has spent fewer days in New Hampshire.

Bob Dole, with his $4 million, has allocated funds to 34 states; curiously, he has spent as much money in his wife's home state of North Carolina as he has in New Hampshire. Bush has used up $4 million in 32 states and Kemp, with $3.3 million, has spent in 24 states. In contrast, Pete du Pont, with $2.3 million, and Al Haig, with under $1 million, have committed funds to just two and three states respectively, leading many here to believe that they are running not for President but for the Cabinet. —CATO

given to the pact signed by the five Central American governments, with the primary design of getting the U.S. Government to stop supporting the Contras. But there are approximately eight thousand people in jail in Nicaragua for political crimes, and at the rate of two releases per congressional vote, that would require the House of Representative to increase in size to four thousand members. Not worth it. Meanwhile, civil-rights leader Hernández comments, "They can reopen *La Prensa* and the Catholic radio, but the underlying repressive legal apparatus will remain intact. At any moment they can roll us right back to zero." And, in the future, Senator Harkin can justify his enthusiasm for Ortega by citing the two freed prisoners. What happened to the tradition of the Yankee trader?

☐ Claiming that a scrap of paper is no guarantee of peace and democracy in Central America in general and Nicaragua in particular, Representative Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.) is not waiting for the Latin American "peace plan," subscribed to by the five Central American governments and lukewarmly supported by the Reagan Administration, to become a dead letter. Instead, accompanied by Adolfo Calero, one of the leaders of the Nicaraguan Contras, he flew to Guatemala, Honduras, and El Salvador, where he met—and argued with—the regional heads of state. Kemp charges that, under the peace plan, the United States is prevented from supplying aid to the Contras, while the Soviet Union and Cuba continue to assist the Sandinista government in Managua. Kemp has also asked that the Administration submit a request to Congress that it provide $210 million in immediate funds for the Nicaragua rebels. At a time when conservatives are increasingly concerned by what they see as a loss of will or a bad case of cold feet in the White House, Kemp's aggressive feint does his quest for the Republican presidential nomination no harm.

☐ Erich Honecker makes a triumphant, unprecedented visit to West Germany, where he declares that "The

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day will come when borders no longer divide but unite us." Upon his return to East Berlin, he is surprised to find that no one is at the airport to greet him save for his loyal chauffeur. Together they drive into the city, where they are stunned to find empty streets and shops. Further they drive, but still no people. Not a soul in sight. They keep driving in amazement until they come to the Wall. There they see a huge gaping hole. A note is pinned to the Wall beside the hole: "Dear Erich: You are the last to leave. Please turn out the lights."

☐ Wait. Stop the presses. Toss out that frayed Iron Curtain rhetoric. On August 23, the Soviet Union permitted some five hundred Lithuanians to assemble to protest the crimes of a Soviet government. The American media hailed the startling incident as evidence of the Soviet Union's new openness. The magnitude of Gorbachev's achievement, however, is somewhat reduced by the fact that the Soviet government the Lithuanians were allowed to protest was Stalin's. And, after the daring act of permitting public criticism of a man who's been dead for two generations, the men in the Kremlin apparently had second thoughts. Lithuanian human-rights groups report the KGB is harassing Lithuanians who took part in the demonstration. One protestor, Nijole Sadunaite, was seized without warning and held for thirty hours. Don't throw out your "BETTER DEAD THAN RED" bumperstickers just yet.

☐ Prince Charles and Princess Diana bopped over to Normandy to honor William the Conqueror, on the occasion of the nine-hundredth anniversary of his death.

☐ Tip O'Neill's book, *Man of the House*, jumped onto the best-seller list, number nine in Nonfiction, number two in Fiction.

☐ If the Reverend Pat Robertson's candidacy is such a terrifying church-state threat, why isn't the Reverend Jesse Jackson's?

The Inconstant Germans

Erich Honecker's gone home,
Though, from journalistic foam,
One would think the Saar was where
He would plant his rocking chair—
Which, of course, he'd love to do,
Once West Germany is through
Mucking up in NATO and
Goosesteps to a proper band.

W. H. VON DREELE

☐ Donna Rice remains mum on Gary Hart, but she has attained new celebrity by modeling "No Excuses" jeans. Now why would the "No Excuses" people pay her celebrity rates to do so?

☐ At least Bork isn't a plagiarist. And, come to think of it, he hasn't killed anyone, either.

☐ Massachusetts pols are wondering: will Gerry Studds seek re-election in his own district, or will he go after Barney Frank's seat?

The Bork Fight

As we go to press, the Senate confirmation hearings have started up. Judging by the performance so far, there will be more lows than highs, but for those who enjoy political theater, it will be irresistible.

Among the lows, we must number Senator Kennedy's curbstone vituperation about back-alley abortions, doors kicked in by police in the night, and censorship of the press. All of this is some sort of record in rhetorical low-blowing, but then Senator Kennedy is well practiced in that art.

When the Senate unanimously confirmed Bork for the federal appellate bench, Senator Biden allowed as how Bork was so well qualified that, were he nominated for the Supreme Court, Biden would have to vote to confirm him, and just take "the heat" from the "special-interest groups." So much for Biden's profile in courage.

The pressure cooker has heated up. Ten members of the committee of the American Bar Association charged with evaluating the qualifications of court nominees voted Bork "well qualified," the ABA's highest evaluation. The ABA's own guidelines state that the committee is never asked to make political judgments about a nominee. The committee "is intended to weigh professional competence, not to assess the ideology of the prospective nominee."

That should be clear enough; only it wasn't. While ten members found Bork "highly qualified," four voted him "not qualified." This, of a Yale professor, scholar, and appellate judge?

The political identities of the anti-Bork gang of four are revealing enough. One is a Carter UN appointee now working for Biden. A second is politically close to Mayor Tom Bradley of Los Angeles. A third was a leading Washington supporter of the Carter-Mondale campaign. The fourth is a civil-rights militant in Chicago. These political identifications come to us via the reporting of columnist William Safire, but who can be surprised?

The political ball bounces in unpredictable ways. Millions are being spent on this political fight. We write on the eve of the public hearings, but it is

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SDI Watch

"Inside a Key Russian Radar Site" reads the front-page headline in the *New York Times* on September 7. Soviet officials had opened the Krasnoyarsk radar to inspection by a group of Democratic congressmen and staffers.

The congressmen noted crumbling concrete, easily broken glass windows, unshielded wiring, and generally "shoddy construction," and concluded that this radar was no menace to American security.

The Krasnoyarsk radar has achieved a certain fame, or infamy, because it is in the middle of Siberia, far from the Soviet border. The ABM Treaty forbids such radars unless they are located "along the periphery of the national territory and oriented outward."

The Krasnoyarsk radar is the most blatant Soviet violation of the ABM Treaty. This radar is thirty stories high. It is so big, according to James McCrery of the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), that two football games could be played on it simultaneously if it were laid flat on the ground. Mr. McCrery says it is the largest and most powerful radar in the world.

The ABM Treaty comes up for review and renewal this year. Since continued U.S. adherence to the treaty is the most formidable weapon in the Soviet strategic arsenal, the USSR is naturally anxious to allay U.S. fears regarding the military significance of its Krasnoyarsk violation. Hence the timing of the invitation to the treaty's supporters in Congress. The U.S. has complained about the Krasnoyarsk radar in every conceivable forum, including before the Standing Consultative Commission (set up by the treaty to resolve such problems), at ministerial meetings, and in a joint resolution of Congress (passed almost unanimously)—but to no avail. The Soviets say the radar has nothing to do with the ABM Treaty and is for tracking satellites—a claim Robert Gates, Deputy Director of the CIA, calls "preposterous."

Here are the reasons for Mr. Gates's strong language. 1) The radar faces in the *wrong direction* for tracking satellites (it faces in an easterly direction, not west; most satellites are launched toward the east to get a velocity boost from the earth's rotation). 2) It is in the *wrong location* for satellite tracking, for many reasons (for example, it makes no sense to put the radar in the wasteland of Siberia for satellite tracking: if it were in convenient European Russia, the earth's rotation would carry it under a satellite a few hours later anyway; and it is too far north to see the NASA shuttle, and too far west to see the launch of the military satellites out of Vandenberg). 3) It looks up at the heavens at the *wrong angle* (20 degrees above the horizon, good for picking up distant warheads but very poor for tracking satellites orbiting overhead). And 4) it has the *wrong frequency* for space tracking (too low).

That radar certainly looks like a radar for tracking warheads. It is hard to see why the Soviets, who have an excellent space program, should spend half a billion dollars on a badly designed space-tracking radar when they could just as well have built a good one. Frank Gaffney, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Policy, says flatly, "The Soviets are lying."

Some fibs matter; others don't. This one matters. The purpose of the radar clause in the ABM Treaty was to keep either side from putting up the big radars used for "battle management." "Battle management" means detecting oncoming warheads, tracking them accurately to see what targets they are headed for,

speculated that, on television, Bork will be a postgraduate Ollie North. By the same token, the Senate's choreography will be more sophisticated this time: no high bench, with inquisitors glaring down at the lone witness. In addition, the opposition plans to get Bork off camera as soon as possible.

To some degree, it is all charade. Bork is going to transform America? He will be only one of nine Justices. Are we to believe that four of the current Justices are extremists too? The best bet is that Bork will be confirmed. If he is not, then Reagan will nominate another conservative. Curiously, Bork may be the least dangerous nominee the Left is likely to get out of this Administration; but the Left knows it has to appease its constituency. That, in considerable part, is what all the shouting is about.

And herein lies a potential danger for the Democratic Party. It simply cannot appear on national TV as the prisoner of extremist constituency groups, peopled by such as Molly Yard (NOW), Benjamin Hooks (NAACP), and the big labor diehards. For the senators of the Left, especially those running for President, this is going to be some tightrope.

The Pope in America

I. The Mission

As always, the Pope was welcomed by enormous crowds. The millions who greeted him with love and joy are, in secular terms, his core constituency, his silent majority, coalescing to give contentment the sound of thunder.

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and then handing over this information to small radars and intercepting missiles in their paths.

The small radars are extremely accurate but they have tunnel vision; they can only see a warhead if told just where to look for it. That is what the battle-management radar is for: it tells the small radar where to look. Once the small radar sees the warhead, it sends up an ABM interceptor with instructions to zero in on the warhead and destroy it.

These battle-management radars are huge, and take a long time to build—at least six to eight years. The Soviets build them so big because size and power enhance the radar's ability to track thousands of warheads simultaneously and accurately—a critically important function for a battle-management radar.

The congressmen who visited the Krasnoyarsk radar reported back that it could not be a battle-management radar because it was not "hardened," that is, protected against nuclear explosions. However, Mr. McCrery of the DIA pointed out that the big new Soviet radar near Moscow, which is admittedly for battle management and is permitted by the ABM Treaty (each country is allowed one ABM site), is also not hardened.

The reason is that a screen thirty stories high and the size of two football fields, standing up on edge, can't be hardened; it is bound to be toppled by a nuclear blast. But the big radars don't *need* to be hardened for their role in the Soviet ABM system. The Soviets are counting on defending them heavily with ABM interceptors.

Against a massive first strike by American missiles, that would be difficult. But the Soviets are also counting on only having to deal with a very weak retaliatory *second* strike by the United States. According to their plans, *they* will launch the first strike.

The Soviets have eight more big radars, exactly like the one at Krasnoyarsk, either built or under construction. The nine radars form a ring around the USSR, protecting every possible approach corridor for U.S. ICBMs or submarine-launched missiles.

When construction of the Soviet radar network is completed (for the Krasnoyarsk radar that will be in 1989 or 1990; for three new radars just discovered, it will be a few years later; the others are already finished), the rest of the Soviet ABM system—the small radars and the intercepting missiles that would destroy the U.S. warheads—can be put in place "in a matter of months," according to the CIA's Mr. Gates.

All signs point to this Soviet breakout from the ABM Treaty as occurring in about five years, timed to coincide with massive deployment of the new, mobile, and highly accurate SS-24s and SS-25s. The mobility of the new Soviet ICBMs imparts a farcical quality to the current arms-control negotiations, because it makes it impossible to verify their numbers. An arms-control agreement will not be able to prevent the deployment of the new weapons.

As matters are developing, we can look forward to a time in the 1990s when the American people will be confronted with a first-strike Soviet arsenal of more than ten thousand accurate SS-18, -19, -24, and -25 nuclear warheads, and an ABM defense capable of blunting our retaliatory second strike. At that time, according to the current mood in Congress on the deployment of an American missile defense, the United States will still be defenseless against a Soviet nuclear attack.

If an electorate still exists in America after this development, it will undoubtedly remember which party's congressmen advised the Speaker of the House, after their visit to Krasnoyarsk, that Congress must "insist most firmly on strict compliance with the ABM Treaty."

John Paul II was here to tell them that he keeps them in his heart constantly, and that his Church is still their Church. For them, no news is good news: the Good News was delivered two millennia ago. It doesn't need much updating. It can't bear much.

John Paul takes somewhat the same view of Catholic doctrine that Robert Bork takes of the Constitution: that it isn't his place to amend it. He speaks of inheriting its "teaching office," and he respects the original intention of its Founder. Innovation, not fidelity to tradition, would be the really autocratic act.

Even so, he doesn't turn a stony face against the twentieth century. He addresses it with warmth and respect for its achievements and attention to its preoccupations. But his mission is to remind it that in the end, the Catholic Church will modernize, to the extent that it does, on its own terms.

John Paul's style is to combine the generous gesture with uncompromising insistence that Catholicism is here to stay. He will listen patiently, but he won't, as he put it (echoing St. Paul), be blown about by every wind of doctrine. He believes that the Church still has more to teach the world than vice versa, a belief he boldly puts to the test by stepping out into conversation with the world.

Liberals don't appreciate how deeply reassuring this is to ordinary people, not because they are necessarily "opposed to change" but because, in an era of terrifying flux, most people need to identify themselves with truths and institutions that can keep their identity through the assaults of corrosive and agitating forces. They know that much of what passes for "progress" is nothing their ancestors would have understood as improvement; instead, "progress" has

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come to stand for an inchoate change in our very standards of judgment. Modern science has improved our life expectancy, but it has also improved abortion techniques: is this an unambiguous betterment of the human condition?

The Pope understands that it would be foolish as well as wrong for the Church to trade the permanence it offers and the trust it consequently enjoys for the momentary good opinion of liberalism. He is not about to give up something that is unique in order to join the crowded market of progress-peddlers.

II. Minorities

A SPECIAL PURPOSE of the Pope's visit was to strengthen harmony between the Church and several minority groups.

The most publicized of these, of course, was the Jews. On the agenda were the Waldheim visit, recognition of Israel, and the Holocaust.

John Paul, in his meeting with Jewish leaders, made no apology for the Waldheim visit, though this meeting was construable as something on the order of point-of-deference ("I'm sorry I gave you such grief: that was not our intention"). Without being specific about diplomatic recognition of Israel, he affirmed the right of the Jewish people to a homeland, but added that this also applied to the Palestinians.

He spoke with eloquent vehemence on the Holocaust, promising to redouble efforts to educate Catholics about the history and dangers of anti-Semitism. At the same time, he pointedly reminded the Jewish leaders of the Church's historical opposition to Nazism, and of Pius XII's succor to persecuted Jews. Throughout this most delicate part of his visit he maintained an exquisite balance of dignity and good will.

In a rousing, revival-style meeting with black Catholics in New Orleans, John Paul assured blacks that the Church loves them and needs them. He spoke of their suffering under slavery and its aftermath and urged them to "rediscover the spirit of family life." But here he succumbed somewhat to the mythology of victimhood, implying that blacks' current problem is racial discrimination and that their lot is worsening—notions that even the black lobby is abandoning (from 1982 to 1986, for example, black income rose faster than white income).

In San Antonio, John Paul likewise urged Hispanic Catholics to treasure the family and adhere to Catholic practice, at a time when many of them are drifting away. But at one point he seemed to endorse the Sanctuary movement, thereby blessing illegal immigration, and illuminating the limits of papal infallibility.

On a Miami platform with the President, John Paul called on the U.S. to make "the necessary economic and trade contributions for a more just relationship between all the nations of the world." How? By lending Mexico more money? By extending more credit to Poland? At times John Paul seems curiously naïve not about things American (the usual rap against him), but about matters in which his own background should have instructed him: the economic destructiveness of certain political systems, for example. Mexican poverty and illegal immigration are the results of the recklessly corrupt and statist policies of the Mexican government, and not of Mexico's juxtaposition to a rich country.

Pope John Paul's grasp of many modern problems is solid and profound, but in local matters and in economics he sometimes falls back on the stereotypes of progressivist ideology—a mistake he never makes in theology.

Glass Houses

THE BRITISH financial press routinely enjoys lecturing the United States on economic policy. The criticism does not have to be consistent, or even coherent, so long as it is smug. In mid September, *The Economist* thus worried that "America has been living beyond its means," and that it is suffering "faltering growth in the standard of living." That is, Americans are living too well and not well enough. "Consumer spending has slowed sharply," says *The Economist*, so the U.S. needs "a tax increase . . . to check domestic overspending." We spend too much and too little.

Although the U.S. has long been criticized for "losing jobs," the current fashion is instead to worry about too many jobs. "One of the main causes of concern that the economy may be overheating," writes *The Economist*, "is in the labor market. The August unemployment rate of 6 per cent was the lowest since 1979." Britain's unemployment of 10.4 per cent is apparently much better, from this Keynesian point of view, even though Britain's inflation is higher than the United States'. *The Economist* also worries that U.S. economic growth "has been much stronger than expected in 1987, with real GNP rising by 3.1 per cent at an annual rate in the first half of the year." Clearly, we have to do something about that "overheating," so *The Economist* advises that "the dollar will have to

Jesse Jackson Screws It Up

Super Tuesday was to be
Where the Democrats would knee
Kemp and Bush on Southern ground—
Not the other way around.

W. H. VON DREELE

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fall further." The Bank of England, on the other hand, gets praised for raising interest rates to keep the British pound from falling, because a falling currency is inflationary. Does *The Economist* propose rising tax rates and a falling currency to reduce Britain's trade and budget deficits? Of course not.

In the same issue, *The Economist* evaluates another country that followed the high-tax route now advocated for the U.S.—namely, the Netherlands. "Many Dutch businessmen suspect that lack of incentive—because of high tax rates—has turned many bright youngsters off higher education, because they do better bumming around on welfare." High tax rates left the Dutch budget deficit at 8 per cent of GNP, compared with about 3 per cent in both the U.S. and the UK. Yet chronic stagnation, and an unemployment rate of about 14 per cent, certainly did "fix" the Dutch trade deficit. "Holland ran a large current-account surplus on its overseas trade," notes *The Economist.* "This means that . . . Dutch investors were transferring resources to the rest of the world [i.e., the United States] because they felt they could get a better return there." If the U.S. had more youngsters bumming around on welfare, we too could transfer capital to the rest of the world. Perhaps that's the whole idea.

A Slap on the Wrist for Rust

THE SOVIET COURT gave Mathias Rust four years in the Gulag—a mild sentence, compared with the 14 years he was eligible for. We wondered just what the rap would be for so freakish an offense as landing a Cessna in Red Square. Of course: "malicious hooliganism."

George Kennan would explain that the Russians, who have suffered foreign invasions from Genghis Khan and Conan the Barbarian to Napoleon and Hitler, now feel encircled by the existence of so many privately owned Cessnas in the West. They had to make an example of Rust.

All the poor kid wanted to do was "promote world peace." He may have done it. He didn't get to have that heart-to-heart with Gorbachev, but he did show how vulnerable Soviet air defenses are. We feel safer now. Meanwhile, Rust can console himself that the penalty for sneaking into the Soviet Union is a lot lighter than the penalty for trying to sneak out.

Fragmented Philippines

FOR CENTURIES (yes, centuries), factionalism has been the bane of politics in the Philippines. But the recent coup attempt shows that what now afflicts the Philippines is no longer garden-variety factionalism but potentially destructive social fragmentation. We are not (quite) witnessing the Lebanonization of the Philippines, but unsettling trends are emerging. Consider:

In the jungles of the Philippines, a hardened, well-armed Communist insurgency, the New People's Army (NPA) is once again growing. Temporarily cowed by Mrs. Aquino's electoral ouster of Marcos, the Communists of the NPA have since scored numerous victories in skirmishes with the Philippine army. Long-time Western observers of the NPA claim that it is the most brutal and inhuman insurgency to hit the planet since the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia.

In Cagayan Province, a renegade lieutenant colonel, Rodolfo Aguinaldo, runs a virtual country within a country, commanding the loyalty of hundreds of well-armed militia outside the control of the central government. A popular anti-Communist warrior, Aguinaldo calls openly for the overthrow of Mrs. Aquino, who thus far has been powerless to respond. Shades of Beirut, 1983.

As for the Philippine army itself, it is a badly factionalized and demoralized lot, uncertain whether to rally behind the elected president or to join in one of the perennial mutinies that offer safer combat experience than the battle against the Communists. This is an army that could split in two any time.

Add to the mix the Moslem insurgency plaguing certain islands of the archipelago, the growing factionalism within and among the democratic parties, and the sharp class divisions of Philippine society, and you have a Philippines near the precipice of social and political disintegration. The barbarians in the jungle are waiting for the denouement.

John Huston, R I P

FILM DIRECTORS generally have a specialty or two, which enables that most procrustean of disciplines, contemporary film criticism, to classify them with ease. The trouble with John Huston (1906-1987) was that he was good at too many things to be crammed into any critical pigeonhole. He was duly accused of eclecticism, pessimism, superficiality, lack of a personal style. Actually, he had the gift of molding his style to what the story, the characters, or the author whom he was bringing to the screen demanded. You could trust the teller as much as the tale, for they were one.

Very young, he became a highly rated boxer in California, then a minor stage actor and reporter in New York, then a halfhearted screenwriter in Hollywood. After a traumatic vehicular-homicide trial (the law absolved him), he spent a year down and out in Paris and London. Always an avid reader, though a high-school dropout, Huston became a serious scenarist in 1937. He directed his first film, his adaptation of Dashiell Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon*, in 1941. It is one of the most justly famous *films noirs*

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ever made, and 41 was to be a significant number for him: he made 41 movies in his remaining 46 years, including, at age 41, the one he is most remembered for, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, from B. Traven's novel. It won him his only Academy Award.

He lived hard (many sports and many indulgences), loved hard (five wives and who knows how many amours, for he was a great charmer, a witty raconteur, tall and good-looking in that broken-nosed ex-pugilist way), and worked hard. On top of directing, he co-wrote and acted in over twenty movies, sometimes giving performances worthy of his famous actor-father. Even the range of the writers he adapted, with varying success, is impressive: from Melville to Tennessee Williams, from Stephen Crane to Flannery O'Connor, from Kipling to James Joyce. He even did *The Bible*—disastrously. His was an appetite of genius: at its worst, mere voracity; at its best, making him a Renaissance movie man.

Key Largo was a dazzling experiment with confined space; *The Asphalt Jungle*, an archetypal tragic heist movie with sardonic overtones; *The African Queen*, among many other things, a great platonic love story; *Fat City*, an eloquent *Lower Depths* for central California; *The Man Who Would Be King*, a quintessential high-adventure story (can't go higher than the Himalayas!); and *Wise Blood*, the nearly unique case of a great writer, Flannery O'Connor, *not* betrayed by the screen. We have yet to see "The Dead," Joyce's last and greatest story, turned into Huston's last finished film.

Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"And anyway, I can't see a single one of them sending a Head of State to my funeral."

No less remarkable were Huston's three great World War II documentaries, anti-war films made in the Army, which, while censoring or banning them, awarded their maker the Legion of Merit. Even some of his lesser films scintillate, *Beat the Devil* being the nearest film can get to comic improvisation, *Moulin Rouge* and *Reflections in a Golden Eye* scoring through innovative use of color.

His films often end unhappily, but almost all sport that wry smile, that gritty humor you can also find in his autobiography, *An Open Book*. When, disgusted with American politics, he moved abroad, it was first to Ireland, then to Mexico. Huston proved equally at home in Celtic mists and under the Aztec sun, great begetters of myths and legends, to which he contributed his share. Even emphysema, with its oxygen tents and tentacular tubes, could barely stop him. A lightweight in boxing, he weighed in heavy as a man and a maker.

—JOHN SIMON

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I almost did not renew my subscription to *NR* and in fact had decided not to. I'm sure you'll be delighted to learn of my change of heart. The reason for this disenchantment with *NR*? Quite simply animal rights. An issue several months ago referred to us as Animal Rights Kooks. I am no kook but do have strong reservations re: the repetitious and unnecessary experimentation on defenseless animals. Why, animals are much smarter than most people I know. My five-year-old pug Dolly Rosebud not only discusses nuclear proliferation with me (she considers me her "father"), but was able to rally support for the CIA while studying at Brown *and* maintain a much higher than average grade point average.

Please reconsider your view on animal rights. They really are quite intelligent, you know. And they do lean toward conservative points of view.

Sincerely,
Brian A. Kelley
Vacaville, Calif.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Once again ["Notes & Asides," May 22], *NR* has taken the position that the Unification Church is a peculiar but harmless "religious sect" that will just take the American public some time to get used to. (This opinion was expressed before in an editorial and more recently in a book review.) I respectfully demur. The Moonies began as a secular group known as the Unified Family, and only became a "church" when Sun Myung Moon caught on to the tax advantages of 801(c)(3). And as for their being harmless, Father

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Kent Burtner, OP, a leading Catholic authority on the Moonies, told me once in a private conversation that Moon has declared himself "substantial God": in other words, you may now address your prayers directly to him.

In short, Reverend Moon is one of those of whom Christ said, "Many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and the time draweth near: go ye not therefore after them."

Sincerely,
W. Geoffrey Rommel
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Rommel: Agreed, and we go not. But his *Washington Times* is a splendid newspaper. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In a letter in "Notes & Asides" [July 17], signed by Gloria Renstrom, the last sentence ends with the clause: "all I have met through you have a definite twinkle in their eye." To be correct, the word after "their" should be "eyes."

If the writer had said "the eye," instead of "their eyes," that would have been correct.

Is this a typographical error, or a grammatical error by the writer of the letter?

Sincerely,
F. W. Rhinelander, MD
San Clemente, Calif.

Dear Dr. Rhinelander: The latter. Cordially, WFB

☐ Yo Bill:

Do the armed forces need highly qualified recruits? Apparently, as far as the reserves are concerned, the answer is no. I am an engineering graduate student currently working toward a PhD. I recently telephoned my local recruiter to find out how I could apply my skills. I was told there is plenty I could do for my country as long as I could cook, drive, or type. My experience is not singular. A highly skilled ion-implantation scientist at Cornell, with a master's degree in physics, joined the reserves. This summer he served his country as a clerk-typist.

With a little creativity and a lot of organization, experienced engineers and scientists could contribute fully to our reserve system. Working through the existing ROTC infrastructure, reservists could serve on college campuses where the equipment and expertise already exist. Our preparedness would be enhanced by eliminating some costly consulting work as well as, and more importantly, by exposing technocrats to the military.

Please pass along the message. Skilled people are being shunned by our military reserves.

Best regards,
George Perreault
Ithaca, N.Y.

Yo George: Will do! Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The "Strelnikov" mentioned in Kathleen Collins's letter ["Notes & Asides," July 17] refers to a character in Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*.

Strelnikov is the *nom de guerre* of Pasha Antipov, a high-minded pre-Revolution intellectual who becomes a ruthless Bolshevik army commander.

Best wishes,
Kevin Boatright
Iowa City, Iowa

☐ Dear Uncle Bill:

I was at the American Embassy in Nicaragua last week, visiting with one of the political officers. In the course of our meeting, I noticed several conservative magazines on his coffee table, including *The American Spectator* and *Policy Review*.

I asked him if the State Department allowed the display of such revisionist propaganda, to which he replied, with a smile, that the hard-core stuff was kept locked in his desk—and triumphantly pulled out the most recent issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

There is still hope for the Western World!

Cordially,
Brent [Bozell III]
Alexandria, Va.

—WFB

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Imagine if we were talking about a shortage of physicians and surgeons. A massive teacher shortage has just as serious consequences on our society. Who will be there to prepare future generations to enter all the professions if there aren't enough teachers to do the job?

Shortages already exist all across this country, because for years college students in droves have chosen not to become teachers. In 1967, 22% of all college freshmen planned on teaching. By 1985 only 6% of the students polled said they wanted to teach.

What keeps college students from wanting to be teachers?

First and foremost, pay.

Right now there are four million Americans certified to teach who aren't in the classroom. And one-quarter of all education graduates decided never to seek teaching jobs. Countless more considered education but decided not to make it their major.

America has lost a generation of teachers. To fill in the gaps, schools are using teachers out of the fields of expertise or uncertified teachers to make sure classrooms aren't empty. This severely hurts the education process and masks the severity of the teacher shortage.

In a recent gallup poll, commissioned by the NEA, 80% of the American people favor higher teacher salaries. Almost half of those surveyed—41%—said they are willing to pay higher taxes to see that teachers are paid properly.

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THE PROSPECTS FOR QUARTERBACK KEMP

JACK KEMP'S numbers in the polls have hovered steadily at about 10 per cent, reflecting a committed organization and unwavering grassroots support. Opposing strategists point to the spread between Kemp's numbers and those of the front-runners, Bush and Dole. Yet, at 10 per cent, his base is conspicuously higher than Bush's was at a comparable point before the 1980 campaign, or Carter's in 1975.

To put it differently, Kemp is in tune with the conservative profile of the delegates who will do the nominating in New Orleans a little less than a year from now. He has proved all he needs to prove regarding 1) his conservative credentials, 2) his grasp of arcane policy detail, and 3) his claim to leadership post Reagan (remember Kemp-Roth?). What remain are what strategists call "threshold" qualities: Is Jack Kemp balanced, mature, seasoned? If Kemp can display these qualities on the campaign trail, he can make his numbers move. In other words, style is where Kemp needs work. A relaxed, confident candidate connects with the voters better than a perfect exposition of a complicated concept. Voters judge candidates by their qualities, not their position papers.

That's why the nine-term congressman from Upstate New York has taken the gamble on debating Democrats like Gephardt, and that's why he accepted Bill Buckley's invitation to a *Firing Line* debate before Dole and Bush had made up their minds. Kemp needs opportunities to demonstrate those threshold qualities.

It is unlikely, to say the least, that he will be handed the dramatic sort of opportunity that Ronald Reagan got in the 1980 New Hampshire debate. Nonetheless, New Hampshire has to be the focus of Kemp's early primary hopes. As for Reagan in 1980, so for Kemp in 1988, Iowa is unpromising territory. Iowa Republicans are about as typical of the average GOP delegate as Lowell Weicker is of your average GOP senator. New Hampshire is different. Its voters mirror the increasingly conservative makeup of GOP primary voters and delegates. Kemp needs to show in Iowa, but he needs to place in New Hampshire. What the voters, and the press, see and hear in the first few states will have far more impact for Super Tuesday than any number of endorsements.

With that in mind, Bush's strategy is to spend his substantial campaign treasury dry by Super Tuesday, hoping to dominate the Southern primaries. Unfortunately, Bush's numbers in the South are far from solid, notwithstanding strategist Lee Atwater's claims. (One of the interesting 1988 sideshows, by the way, will be the duel between the apprentice and his masters. Atwater grew in political stature under the tutelage first of Charlie Black, and later of Ed Rollins. Both Black and Rollins are aligned with the Kemp campaign, whereas Atwater has thrown in his lot with the Vice President. Inevitably, Black and Atwater are headed for a Southern showdown. Black is certain to teach Atwater some new tricks about how to highlight the opposing candidate's negatives as the campaign trail takes a southerly turn.)

Bush, meanwhile, runs the risk of parodying himself. Thus in meetings with reporters after the Iran-Contra hearings, he pointed proudly to the fact that during a critical White House meeting that might have tarred him with the Iran brush, he was "at the Army-Navy game." Certainly, Bush can breathe a sigh of relief at escaping implication in any wrongdoing, but his strategists were sucking in their breath at his alibi, wondering when this double-edged self-exoneration would come back to haunt him. Bush's role as a fan at the Army-Navy game kept him out of trouble with Senator Inouye, true. Quarterback Kemp, meanwhile, was running interference for Oliver North and the Contras.

For his part, Bob Dole may discover that his handling of the media in the opening days of the Iran-Contra affair, while a boost in the polls, is no substitute for fresh ideas passionately put. Focus-group research—a form of market research in which small groups of people are brought together for fairly in-depth discussion—on Republican primary voters shows that these activists want a candidate who will carry the country forward in the same general direction as Reagan. They are skeptical as to whether Republican establishment candidates like Bob Dole fit the bill. Dole—who, as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, was a prime architect of the 1982 $87-billion-over-three-years TEFRA tax hike—seems somewhat too eager again to raise taxes to meet the current deficit. Hence Kemp's main chance will come when he stands shoulder to shoulder with Dole and Bush, so that the contrast between the GOP establishment and the new "rising tide lifting all boats" generation will be particularly striking.

KEMP HAS TO be prepared to luxuriate in his strengths, letting his organization and strategists take care of the race. He must beware, too, of what befell Gary Hart in 1984—a sudden surge of momentum that the candidate was unable to channel. Meanwhile, Kemp ideologues will have to temper their thirst for purity and rectitude until after the 1989 presidential transition. Until then, they should let the image-makers coax out their candidate's winning qualities. □

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Memo to: NR Fans

From: Ed Capano

Re: Something I almost missed

As you can imagine, I see a lot of books -- NR readers are readers, they value owning important books (which is why we try to offer the very best premiums, etc.). So imagine my surprise when, just after I'd seen a hefty book (with a whopping $29.95 retail price!) titled grandly Dictionary of American Conservatism and decided it was too much for us, Bill Buckley called: he wanted to send that very book (let's call it DAC) to a long list of people -- would I arrange to get copies?

Sure, but first I went back to look at DAC myself. I shouldn't have let the king-size format put me off -- it really is what it says it is, "The First Complete Guide" to the Issues, People, Events, and Organizations of the Conservative Movement.

I've been around the "movement" myself for many years; even so, I found a lot of surprises, things I didn't know, things I'd forgotten -- but the best thing about DAC is that it brings all the history you "know" together in a single volume, a handy book to pull down from your shelf when you can't remember precisely how it was, or who was that guy who tricked Joe McCarthy's enemies into paying him for bogus info? (It was Paul Hughes, see page 200.)

DAC gives you almost 400 pages of such fascinating stuff, and you will want to have a copy handy (especially for your kids). So we've ordered a supply, a small one, because of the high price involved -- and we can now make it available to you at a handsome $18.00 off the retail price! That's right, you can now get the Dictionary of American Conservatism direct from us for just $11.95 if you use the handy card facing this page to subscribe to National Review or renew your current subscription now for just one more year (don't worry: no matter when it's due to expire we'll automatically add another 25 valuable issue to your current term).

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SOUTH OF THE BORDER

ONE PROBLEM North Americans have in dealing with their neighbors to the south is grasping how very different the countries of Latin America are from the North, and also how diverse these countries are within themselves. To start with, we must bear in mind that the major civilizations of the Western Hemisphere sprang from two very different cultural strains, the British and the Iberian. (The Virgin Queen, after all, did not have very much in common with Philip II, any more than John Stuart Mill did with Juan Donoso Cortés, or Thomas Gainsborough with Francisco Goya.) And in Latin America a third strain complicates the situation even further: the Indian element, temperamentally very different from the Spanish.

Consider, for example, the murder rates in various Hispanic countries. As of 1967, Spain, with only one murder for every million inhabitants, held the "negative" world record. On the other end of the spectrum were Mexico with 193, Colombia with 254, Nicaragua with 293, and pre-civil-war El Salvador with 319 murders per one million inhabitants, the opposite, "positive" world record. These statistics tell us what a human life means in these countries, and they point up the importance of the cultural differences between the people of Spain and of her former colonies, who after all share the same language and religion.

In Central America—as in much of the Third World—Western, Aristotelian, Cartesian logic is more or less unknown. Visitors to Cantel, a large town in Guatemala, will find at the southwestern entrance to the town a monument to Rufino Barrios, a murderous, Hitleresque dictator who wanted to conquer all Central America and exterminate Christianity. At the town's northwestern entrance one finds a monument to 11 Indians who died for their faith. The contradiction is startling, yet Cantelians will tell you quite seriously that Barrios was, after all, a great president—and that the 11 Indians were holy martyrs.

Central America defies the old conviction, so widely held in the United States, that, all over the world, people are more alike than unalike. Since the days of Rufino Barrios, in the nineteenth century, native Guatemalan priests have formed a small minority of the clergy in that country. In Chichicastenango, where *Indios* celebrate smoke sacrifices for their ancestors in and outside the churches, and secretly worship idols in the woods, the Christian community was for many years led by a German priest. When he died he was replaced by an American who was determined to destroy all the wicked pagan traditions. He was nearly murdered and had to be removed. Eventually a Spaniard took over. He contented himself with trying to Christianize the pagan practices—he was too aware of local mores to think he could uproot them entirely.

Americans are encouraged in their universalizing illusions by the fact that their country has assimilated, during its history, millions of immigrants who in just one or two generations have become genuine Americans. This explains why American missionaries have persisted in spreading their own economic and social theories, which have only helped increase unrest and confusion in Latin America.

All this must also be understood in the context of a long-established antipathy, on the part of Latin Americans, to their neighbors to the north. This antipathy goes back to the rivalry between Spain and Great Britain, but it has had plenty of nourishment in the last century and a half: the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, dictated in the very shadow of the basilica of Guadalupe, the greatest shrine in Latin America; Theodore Roosevelt's Big Stick; Woodrow Wilson's landing of American Marines at Veracruz. Opposing all of this there were, for example, César Augusto Sandino, hero of the Nicaraguan resistance movement against the U.S. invasion in the late 1920s, and Rubén Darío, one of the great Hispanic poets and a true bard of anti-North Americanism.

ALL TOO MANY North Americans, meanwhile, believe that their southern neighbors need only sufficient financial support, whereupon the region's social problems will disappear and democracy triumph. Of course, this is nonsense. In fact, at a recent meeting of Hillsdale's Center for Constructive Alternatives we had two Central American representatives who protested *against* the flood of financial assistance already being given. "If you continue like this," they argued, "we shall never learn to stand on our own feet." These men understood that only in a free and hard-working society will oppressive material differences be alleviated.

But in forming realistic expectations of how much can be achieved, we come back to those two very different but intermingled mentalities, the Spanish and the Indian. Latin Americans are proud of their Spanish heritage: Spain is referred to as *la madre patria*, the motherland, a term North Americans would never use to refer to Britain. Along with remnants of the pre-Columbian civilizations, the Spanish cultural inheritance is still very much in evidence, far more so than the British along the American East Coast. But the Indian strain brings in some very strange elements: witchcraft, for example. It is crucial for U.S. policymakers to understand the implications of this. The United States has, of course, a strong geopolitical interest in this highly complex and sensitive area. Here, fools rush in where angels fear to tread. □

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IS YALE NOW COLORED MAUVE?

ON THE ELITE CAMPUS today, lesbians and homosexuals are by no means victims. To be sure, they trade on "victim status" to gain leverage. Objectively considered, however, the lesbians and homosexuals are cultural aggressors.

The *Wall Street Journal* on August 4 carried an astonishing article about the situation at Yale by Julie V. Iovine, the wife of a Yale faculty member. I hope he has tenure. Just listen to her opening paragraph, which about says it all:

> I didn't bother returning last summer for my tenth Yale reunion because I still live part of each year in New Haven. I even thought I knew what was going on until Sara Cohen, class of '88, started talking about the "lipsticks" and the "crunchies." The former, she explains, are Yale's radical-chic lesbians; the latter, "the granola dykes who have old-fashioned utopian ideas about feminism." Then there are the assimilationists, gay men mostly, who don't want to draw attention to their sexuality, and a growing number of special-interest factions, like the new Chicano-lesbian group. Suddenly Yale has a reputation as a gay school: last spring, while most campus-wide social activities withered away under Connecticut's new legal drinking age of 21, one thousand students attended the annual gay/lesbian ball.

I have some "good" news for Julie Iovine. Stanford is worse than Yale. At Stanford, organized gay groups instigated a program under which the university distributed "safe sex" kits that included condoms . . . *in flavors*: peppermint, tutti-frutti (no pun), orange. Thus, under the camouflage of the AIDS scare, Stanford's gays are conducting an all-out assault upon sexual norms. But if Stanford is ghastly, Yale is playing catch-up ball. According to Mrs. Iovine,

> Ms. Cohen says she received a notice before registering freshman year that said one in four Yale students was gay. That would put it on a par with San Francisco. Verifiable statistics don't exist, but everyone agrees that the gay community's superb organization has increased its visibility at Yale. So have the fashion statements of the lesbians on campus. When I met Ms. Cohen, a self-proclaimed lipstick, she wore a white silk Pierrot outfit with a black leather baseball cap, dead-white face powder, opaque sunglasses, and magic-marker-red lipstick.

Now, readers of this column no doubt remember the case last year of Wayne Dick, the Yale sophomore who put up a poster satirizing GLAD (Gay/Lesbian Awareness Days). Wayne Dick's posters mockingly proclaimed BAD (Bestiality Awareness Days). The Yale authorities did not think this funny at all, and for his witticisms Wayne Dick was put on probation for the remainder of his Yale career. Wiser heads, staring down the gun barrel of a major lawsuit, in due course prevailed. The new president, Benno Schmidt, a First Amendment expert, backed by Law School Dean Guido Calabresi and emeritus professor C. Vann Woodward, got Wayne Dick —and Yale—off the hook. But I notice, and it is a sign of the times at Yale and no doubt elsewhere, that the assertion of Dick's First Amendment rights was accompanied by official statements to the effect that his satire was objectionable and outrageous and insulting, etc.

Well, that apparently is thoroughly outdated as of now. Dick's offense was to construct a satire comparing gays and lesbians to practitioners of bestiality. I tune back in to Julie Iovine: "When I asked Ms. Cohen about Wayne Dick . . . she countered, 'What's wrong with a little bestiality?' "

There is no doubt that Yale and other elite institutions continue to offer first-rate courses, but Mrs. Iovine knows where the chic is. The latest trend: "New Marxists" and deconstructionists have moved into the English department.

IT IS the thesis of *The Closing of the American Mind*, Allan Bloom's spectacularly successful new book, that a relativism about standards, quality, and even truth has so pervaded the contemporary academic mind that a functional nihilism has resulted. There is no such thing as civilization and barbarism; there are only various "cultures," one as good as another.

The fact that *The Closing of the American Mind* has sold over a quarter of a million copies may be a hopeful portent. Simon & Schuster had originally printed only ten thousand copies, but then the book climbed to the top of the best-seller lists and stayed there.

W. H. Auden once wrote a poem about the guests at an English country house who, amid tea and cakes, sense vaguely that something is wrong. But what *is* it? All of a sudden it dawns on them. *There is a corpse on the tennis court.*

Allan Bloom's book has sold a quarter of a million copies because the sense is widespread that something is wrong in the American academy. And those who sense that are absolutely right. □

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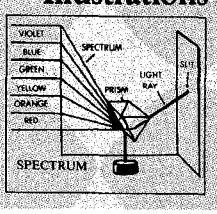

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AID, ARMS, AND FRIENDS

I HESITATE to say that more nonsense has been written about economic aid to developing countries than about any other subject in public life, for the field is so wide and rich, but the claims of that statement are certainly strong. Perhaps, for a start, "developing" countries could be restyled "stagnating." The old, pre-euphemism label (I am going back a bit, say to the 1950s) was "underdeveloped"; though even that one was open to criticism, on two grounds: it begged the question of what constituted a satisfactory level of development, and it smacked of superiority and smugness on the part of potential donors.

I am inclined to sympathize with the U.S. Administration for boycotting the 140-nation UN conference on disarmament and development, which has been running its course in New York. The Soviets were there, all right, to plug a "natural" in propaganda terms: that money and resources saved by disarmament should be diverted to aid for the stagnating countries (though of course that was not the adjective they used). Like "peace," "from swords to plowshares" has an idealistic ring.

In aid and development, statistics tend to lag somewhat. In 1985, the last year for which full figures are available, the industrialized West provided about *87 times* as much as the Soviet bloc in voluntary contributions to UN programs for development. Although arithmetically identical, that statement is somehow more striking than saying that the West's contribution totaled 87 per cent, while the Soviet bloc only managed 1 per cent.

As for contributions to UN refugee, humanitarian, special economic, and disaster-relief activities, the West put up more than $485 million. And the Soviet bloc? Nothing. That makes the arithmetic more difficult, since 485 times nothing is still nothing.

It has to be said in explanation, though hardly in mitigation, that the Soviet and Soviet-bloc contribution to the actual problems was quite disproportionate. The Soviet war of conquest and extermination in Afghanistan has created by far the biggest refugee problem of today; while the terrible famine in Ethiopia was overwhelmingly the work of the Soviet-sponsored Mengistu regime. The Soviets are thus entitled to say that without them and their protégés, the West would be in no position to crow about its contributions to the relief of such problems. Let us be fair. And I haven't even mentioned Chernobyl; until now.

On a related subject, the friends of the Sandinistas (who are legion) have been making much of the fact that recently (on May 28, to be precise) the Nicaraguan Minister for External Cooperation, Henry Ruíz, told a press conference that the Soviet bloc had only been able to guarantee 620,000 of the 765,000 metric tons of crude oil needed in 1987. There you are, said the friends: the Soviets are reducing their aid to the Sandinista regime. So how can you go on saying Nicaragua is part of the Soviet bloc?

This argument is, however, doubly nonsensical. First, the situation is in fact unchanged. Since 1985, the Soviets had been supplying about 80 per cent of Nicaragua's oil needs. Well, my calculator tells me that 620,000, as a proportion of 765,000, is in fact 81 per cent. So what are we supposed to get worked up about?

The other point that resolutely escapes liberal observers and apologists for Soviet imperialism is that it suits Moscow very well that "capitalist countries"—whether the action is undertaken by their governments or by private companies—should relieve them of a portion of the burden of empire in such places as Nicaragua, Mozambique, and Vietnam. The resources of the Soviet empire are painfully stretched. If the West can be shamed into contributing to these desperate economies, Soviet resources are to that extent relieved.

Mozambique continues to provide the most exquisite example of Western short-sightedness. Between 1982 and 1985, the USSR and Eastern Europe provided aid to that country totaling about $95 million. The West and OPEC provided more than *ten times* as much—nearly $980 million. Prime Minister Thatcher, so enlightened in so many ways, seems to have fallen irretrievably into the curious error of supposing that the late Samora Machel was a friend, and that his successor, President Chissano, is also one.

THERE IS a simple precept, which costs nothing and saves a lot: help regimes *after* they have come over to our side, not as a bribe so to do. Or, if you prefer, offer the bribe, but don't pay up till the deed is done. So far, not a single Soviet satellite has voluntarily shed its regime and joined the West, though I suppose the possibility cannot be ruled out. But let us wait until it happens.

A diverting new feature of the Soviet Union's highly selective aid program (with the possible exception of India, the principle is: "Satellites only") is the current effort to export *perestroika*, or "restructuring." This makes sense. At home, the Soviet bureaucracy is being urged every day by Mikhail Gorbachev to improve economic efficiency. Meanwhile, good Soviet money and resources are being inefficiently used by recipient countries, especially Cuba, Vietnam, and Mongolia, all three of which are members of the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance (Comecon). At a meeting in Moscow in late June, the Soviets berated them for their inefficiency and preached the virtues of restructuring. At least the Soviets can teach us one thing: you won't catch them helping non-friends. □

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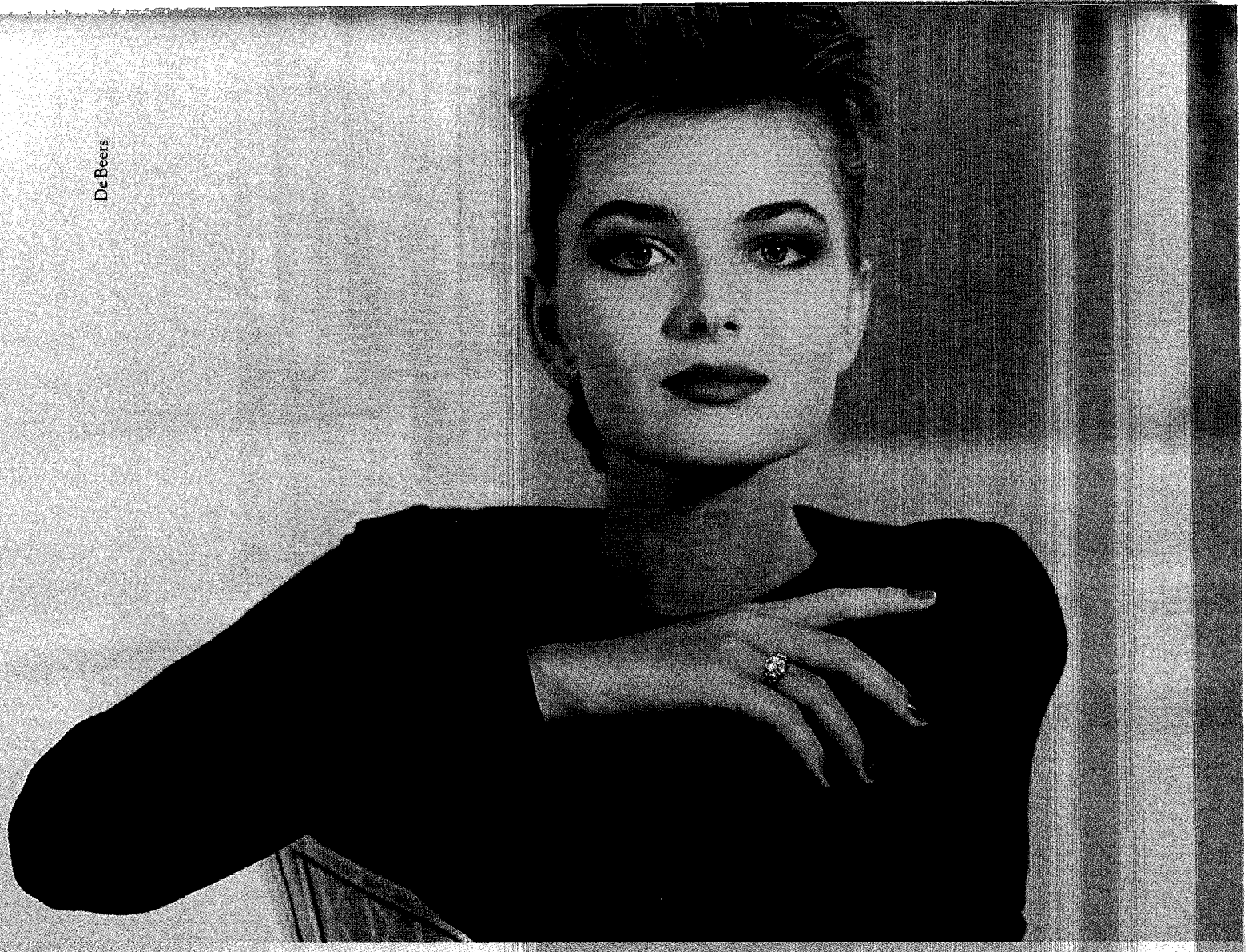

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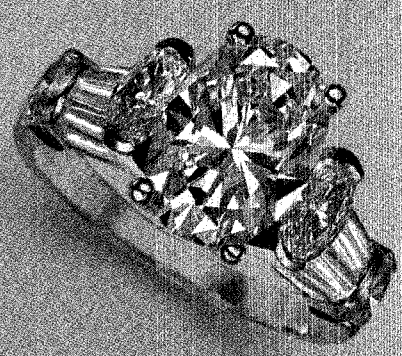

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CAMPUS 1987

Allan Bloom has touched a nerve. The Closing of the American Mind, *a* New York Times *best-seller for 21 weeks, has sold over 250,000 copies in hardcover. Bloom's case: The dominant American ideology—a homogenized, bourgeois, faultlessly polite, I'm-OK-you're-OK relativism—portrays itself as infinitely tolerant. But this relativism, utterly dominant in elite universities, has actually bred among Americans an ignorant intolerance of any idea that challenges the clichés of the moment. By teaching the equality of all cultures, it has denied us our common heritage. This denial does not free us from the tyranny of rigid orthodoxies; it denies us the common cultural conversation by which such orthodoxies are usually challenged most intelligently. To put it in "Straussian" terms with which Bloom might be comfortable, the philosopher's task is to challenge the given in pursuit of the good. Without a given, the task becomes impossible.*

As Bloom sees it, American universities, ravaged by philosophical nihilism and subjected to the powerful centrifugal forces of minority politics, have abandoned the task of passing on the most important achievements and insights of Western culture. The net result: The cultural conversation has all but ceased, and American students have become intellectually impoverished, morally docile, and politically and theologically gullible.

As conservatives, we found the thesis plausible. But John Podhoretz—a former student of Bloom's, who as a critic and journalist has displayed just those qualities that Bloom claims Podhoretz's generation lacks—offered us an essay disputing Bloom's diagnosis in important respects. Spurred by Podhoretz's rejoinder, we decided to devote our annual campus issue to a discussion of some of the questions Bloom raises. Herein four authors familiar to NR *readers, in addition to Podhoretz, undertake to analyze not only Allan Bloom's work, but that which prompted it: the sagging intellectual life of American universities and the political and philosophical forces that have done the damage.* —RV

JOHN PODHORETZ

AN OPEN LETTER TO ALLAN BLOOM

DEAR PROFESSOR BLOOM:

Who would have guessed that the single most important figure in my own college education would become one of the leaders in the battle to remake American education as a whole? And yet that is what you have become, as the author of the decade's most surprising best-seller (and, along with Paul Johnson's *Modern Times*, one of the two most important conservative works of the decade). This unlikely turn of events began with the publication of an article in this magazine five years ago and culminated in the publication of *The Closing of the American Mind*, the only book in this country's history to sell over 250,000 copies in hardcover with chapter titles like "From Socrates' *Apology* to Heidegger's *Rektoratsrede*" and "Rousseau's Radicalization and the German University."

Who could have expected this? Certainly not you. The dedication of your book reads simply, "To My Students." As you are deservedly considered one of this country's outstanding teachers, the dedication is not surprising. Your students, I remember, clustered about you like acolytes, seeking to glean the mysterious truths that you seemed to have in your possession but were not entirely willing to reveal.

Finally, you've chosen to come clean, to tell your students what you've really been getting at. And what you've been getting at is them—us. Yes, *The Closing of the American Mind* is about the corrosive effect of moral and philosophical relativism on our culture. But your real

Mr. Podhoretz, a contributing editor of U.S. News & World Report, *attended the University of Chicago.*

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concern is your students, and how relativism has changed the face of the American college campus. It is your description of life on campus—and, implicitly, the life that is led by today's college graduates once they leave campus—that makes *The Closing of the American Mind* the first book about my generation that delivers a painful shock of recognition, and does not elicit a hoot of derision on every page. Reading *The Closing of the American Mind* is a little like eavesdropping on your parents while they are talking about you. Even though what they are saying is not very flattering, it's sort of nice to be paid attention to.

The portrait you paint is a saddening one. It is of the first generation of elite Americans who have grown up without what the sociologists call the "mediating institutions"—the first generation bereft of the multi-generational family, the first to be raised almost entirely without religious instruction, the first to be more the children of Freud than the children of God.

In other words, a generation reared without absolutes, without a coherent moral or political education. Instead, we have been taught "values," and, as you make clear, "values" are the most relativistic things of all. For if "values" are nothing more than a word for any set of beliefs that someone holds valuable, then the only belief we are all obliged to respect is everyone's right to his or her own "values." This kind of cultural relativism is destructive because it "teaches the need to believe while undermining belief." So, while we live awash in moralism (see South African sanctions or the anti-smoking vendetta), we are constantly aware that our morals have no mooring.

In this world, the only immutable laws are those of science. That is why all political and social thought now must come armed to the teeth with statistics. All tangible conclusions must be proved scientifically, by actuarial, demographic, or Minnesota Multiphasic means. Otherwise any conclusion may be dismissed as merely indicative of its author's "values." (It is, by the way, part of your triumph that you refuse to use a single statistic, or any other form of independent, corroborating evidence, anywhere in the book.)

How did a healthy, happy, fervently religious, and enormously purposeful and productive America sink into this mire of relativism? You argue that American relativism—I'm-OK-you're-OK relativism—is a cheerful, mass-marketed, and thereby bizarre translation of Nietzschean nihilism as further developed in the thought of Freud, Weber, and Heidegger.

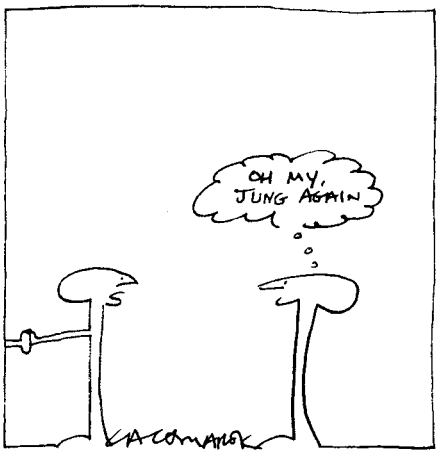
Your analysis of the sources of American relativism is breathtakingly original, an example of cultural criticism at its best. I was particularly struck by one brilliantly allusive and synthetic passage:

> The image of this astonishing Americanization of the German pathos can be seen in the smiling face of Louis Armstrong as he belts out the words of his great hit "Mack the Knife." As most American intellectuals know, it is a translation of the song "Mackie Messer" from *The Threepenny Opera*, a monument of Weimar Republic popular culture, written by two heroes of the artistic Left, Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill. There is a strange nostalgia among many of the American intelligentsia for this moment just prior to Hitler's coming to power, and Lotte Lenya's rendition of this song has long stood . . . as the symbol of a charming, neurotic, sexy, decadent longing for some hazy fulfillment not quite present in the consciousness . . . Less known to our intelligentsia is an aphorism in Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, a book well-known to Brecht, entitled "On the Pale Criminal," which tells the story of a neurotic murderer, eerily resembling Raskolnikov in *Crime and Punishment*, who does not know, cannot know, that he committed murder out of a motive as legitimate as any other and useful in many important situations, but delegitimized in these pacific times; he lusted after the "joy of the knife" . . . With Armstrong taking Lenya's place, . . . it is all mass-marketed and the message becomes less dangerous, although no less corrupt . . . Our stars are singing a song they do not understand, translated from a German original and having a huge popular success with unknown but wider-ranging consequences . . . Behind it all, the master lyricists are Nietzsche and Heidegger.

This is the sort of thing that led me to spend three years at your feet. But on the specific point, for myself, I think the German intellectual invasion was far more the work of the Freudians than the Nietzscheans. And the distinction between Nietzsche and Freud, as you say, is that Freud's psychology "finds causes of creativity that blur the difference between a Raphael and a finger-painter." Precisely so. Freud is the perfect democratic philosopher, because according to him everybody—smart and dumb, rich and poor, black and white alike—has as complicated and interesting an internal life as everybody else. What all Americans have in common is not their citizenship or their common culture or even their Constitution, but the Oedipus complex. The rich among us attend expensive shrinks, while the poor call Dr. Toni Grant or Dr. Ruth. But the impulse is exactly the same: the desire to be told how interesting you are and, at the same time, how similar you are to everyone else.

A nation that lacks a binding moral philosophy cannot have a community of interests. In such a place, as you say, "there is no good reason for anything but self-indulgence."

Family bonds are weak. As you write, "The moral education that is today supposed to be the great responsibility of the family cannot exist if it cannot present to the imagination of the young a vision of a moral cosmos and of the rewards and punishments for good and evil." Children who grow up in a moral chasm need to protect themselves; selfishness is therefore "not a moral vice or a sin but a natural necessity. The 'me generation' and 'narcissism' are merely descriptions, not causes."



"I'm going to open this door and call in the collective unconscious."

Now, as my generation forms itself into couples, the results are predictably parched and awful. In a college dorm, and in those (ever longer) uncommitted years after, sex is easily available, but not transforming. "They are not promiscuous or given to orgies or casual sex, as it used to be understood.

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In general, they have one connection at a time, but most have had several serially. They are not couples . . . They are roommates, which is what they call themselves, with sex and utilities included in the rent." Something greyer, and more somber, has taken the place of love. "Relationships, not love affairs, are what they have."

There is nothing satisfying about this "relationship" business. It is all a deal with the devil. Men struggle to reconcile their mates' responsibilities with their own, and women struggle to deal with the tug-of-war between their desire to have children and the cultural instruction to have a "career." The reason that love has now become a form of work is that the home has become a center of conflict. Sex and utilities may be included in the rent, but there is no stability and no joy.

In the last ten years, men have been under orders to change their natures. "The souls of men—their ambitious, warlike, protective, possessive character—must be dismantled in order to liberate women from their domination." But this effort is doomed to failure. The new order can force men to change, but the change has consequences: more separation, less connection, and, ultimately, more divorce, with the spiral continuing ever downward.

"Women are pleased by their successes, their new opportunities . . ." But they also know that if they want children they may have to pursue their careers "while caring for children alone. And what they expect and plan for is likely to happen. The men have none of the current ideological advantages of the women, but they can opt out without too much cost."

THE REMARKABLE success of your book testifies to the power of your diagnosis and our yearning to escape from our plight. Yet it is just as you have us convinced you understand us that your argument, in my view, breaks down. Your prescriptions for our cure betray a misunderstanding of our country and my generation as profound as the insights of your diagnosis.

First the country. If it were true that the entire country were suffering from the crisis of the spirit that you diagnose, I think we would be finished. But to believe that, one must believe that the university's corruption is an indication of the nation's corruption. Your clear implication is that the nation has corrupted the university. You sound the old Platonic warning that the lower, "bronze" men threaten the viability and even the lives of the highest, "golden" men. Thus, you say, the university should be the home of nonconformity in the United States. "It is necessary that there be an unpopular institution in our midst that sets clarity above well-being or compassion, that resists our powerful urges and temptations, that is free of all snobbism but has standards."

The theme here is that theoretical man is under threat in a democracy, because what he does is not immediately "useful" to the masses. Money and status are the true determinants of value in American life. "Aristotle's great-souled man, who loves beautiful and useless things, is not a democratic type."

This reminds me of a scene in the strange little movie *Repo Man*, in which a teenage vandal who has been shot cries out, "I blame society." His assailant responds: "Aw, you're just another spoiled, middle-class, suburban punk."

"What do I think? I think you don't have to worry about being plagiarized."

Just so. The problem with the university today is not the poisonous influence of the masses, but the poisonous influence of the elite interest groups. Feminism, quotas, the totalitarian passions of the 1960s—these were not expressions of some quintessentially "American" character flaw, but rather the result of a loss of faith among the elites in the value of their country and its social order. Fortunately, both for them and for us, they do not rule the nation. Here the masses rule, and there is safety in numbers.

The American university has never been, and should not consider itself, the repository of "unpopular" wisdom in a political system hostile to ideas. "Unpopular wisdom" needs no protection in a society whose first rule is that freedom of speech shall not be abridged. Such an idea assumes that wisdom is always under siege in a democracy. But of course, the primary purpose of democracy is to allow people the freedom to propagate and support ideas and save themselves from "unpopular" wisdoms. The university is not Plato's Republic; it is a center of education. And it was doing pretty well until the elites lost their souls.

Even more troubling, I think, is your ultimate recommendation that political philosophy can save us—or, more precisely, that the study of political philosophy is the necessary first step on the way back to moral health. It seems to me that encouraging students with the particular ills you diagnose to become philosophers is to risk a cure as bad as the disease. The study of a work as profoundly unsettling as Plato's *Republic*, for instance, will only increase a student's sense of alienation and confusion, unless he is well grounded in the glorious possibilities of his civilization. Students who have been told forever that "right" and "wrong" are just terms describing value choices are not yet ready for the wisdom of a Plato.

But they are ready for the wisdom of the poets. How can a student understand what is wrong with his ideas

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about relationships and love unless he is touched by the beauty of a John Donne poem? If he does not understand what is so terrible about Anna Karenina leaving her husband for her lover, perhaps he is just not reading the book well enough—or, more accurately, being taught its meaning correctly. "Students," you write, "have powerful images of what a perfect body is and pursue it incessantly. But deprived of literary guidance, they no longer have any image of a perfect soul, and hence do not long to have one."

I remember one night, at 3:00 A.M., after taking that Nietzsche course, still full of your thoughts, I lay in bed reading the last few pages of *The Brothers Karamazov*, weeping as I read. Dostoyevsky's ultimate message is that untrammeled reason leads you to murder not only a shopkeeper you've never known, but your father as well, or even (in the case of the Grand Inquisitor) Jesus Christ. And at the conclusion of *The Brothers Karamazov*, Alyosha's greatness of soul becomes the inspiration for a group of children who might have been inclined to follow the Grand Inquisitor's example had they not had the great gift of knowing Alyosha.

THIS SORT OF transfiguration of experience is what we get from imaginative literature and from the Bible. From philosophy we get a sense of incompleteness, of rationality under siege. That will not serve to heal a generation whose primary flaw is that its members do not believe in love. Where can we find love? Not by the obsessive self-contemplation that philosophy engenders. Socrates may have been the greatest of all men, but he was also the most detached, the most distant, the least loving.

I think we can find love where everyone before us has: in the contemplation of others. By focusing on sex, we elite Americans have too often confused the orgasm with passion, believing that sexual fulfillment was the only way to find completion. We need a little more of Dante in us: Dante, who wrote *The Divine Comedy* for a woman he never met.

That sort of thing is probably far too distant for us. So what of the more mundane romantic fantasies? Think of the gorgeous descriptions of courtship and capture in Jane Austen—the joy of finishing *Pride and Prejudice* and finding Lizzie and Mr. Darcy at last married despite themselves. Or, more mundane still, Anthony Trollope's subtle portrayal of the marriage of Plantagenet Palliser and Glencora M'Cluskie in his Palliser novels. Theirs was a marriage (a relationship?) conceived for political reasons, bringing together Glencora's immense wealth and Plantagenet's immense social position. And yet, even in these most unpromising of circumstances, the two find a modus vivendi and then, over the course of two novels, a love so deep and profound that her death at the end of the six-novel series strikes us as all the more cruel because Plantagenet has not been permitted (like a character in myth) to die at the same moment.

So, even in these most bourgeois of novels, transcendent love is possible. But it is achieved through an acceptance of the world, of nature and natural order—not in destructive debate over first causes.

Even more to the point is metaphysical poetry. At its most powerful, this poetry can make a reader feel, like the disillusioned cleric in George Herbert's indelible "The Collar," as though God has touched him:

What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free, free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store . . .
Away! take heed;
I will abroad. . . .
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Child";
And I replied, "My Lord."

Those of us who have never had a transfiguring religious experience can find out what one is like by reading Herbert. Reading Nietzsche, a young student finds only the mirror image of the nihilism with which he was raised, in which he has been trained, and from which his soul longs desperately to escape.

Is learning to love too simple a solution? I don't think so. I was delighted to note that you yourself offer one chance for recovery when you observe that this generation is "morally unpretentious." Unlike the students of the 1960s, who sought moral supremacy over their elders, today's students cheerfully and straightforwardly admit their interest in making money, getting ahead. They are, you say, "nice."

This moral unpretentiousness is a sign of health, not disease. It is an indication that they know they have little to believe in and are making do with less than they need.

They—we—are fertile ground. And you have just planted a very important seed.

Your student,
John Podhoretz

HUGH KENNER

THE DEPARTMENT OF FACTUAL VERIFICATION

THIS YEAR'S other surprise best-seller, hovering around number three on the *New York Times* list, is *Cultural Literacy*, by E. D. Hirsch Jr. It is a very different book from Bloom's, but they share an important part of their thesis: American schools and colleges are failing to impart to their students our common culture. As a people, we are no longer reading from the same text.

This wouldn't be half the catastrophe Bloom and Hirsch say it is if the text itself were the point. But the question

Mr. Kenner is a professor of English at Johns Hopkins University. His latest book is The Mechanic Muse, *published by Oxford University Press.*

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is not whether we know our Thucydides—who does, the day after the quiz?—but whether we and our fellow Americans have sufficient common cultural experience to enable us to communicate (Hirsch) or to think (Bloom).

There is some reason to doubt that the message will get through. *Time*, our largest university, certainly missed it—was all but obliged to miss it given the implications.

Hirsch, with his straightforward claims—he supplies a 63-page list—about what every literate American should know, must have seemed an easy target to *Time* Senior Editor Stefan Kanfer, writing in the book-review section. (Ezra Bowen, in the Education section, later did a better job, though not good enough to repair the damage.) Here's Kanfer: "Who said we should burn with a hard, gemlike flame? How do you translate the phrase comme il faut? Failure to answer questions like these signifies a catastrophic ignorance, according to E. D. Hirsch Jr., . . . inventor of the latest intellectual parlor game."

That's simply, crassly wrong, as is Kanfer's claim that Hirsch advocates "teaching names, dates, and places by rote and providing a context later." It's tempting to say that Kanfer can't read and feels sure his consumers can't either. He bad-mouths, while he's at it, an "equally cranky" book—Bloom's. So how come two cranks are outselling Bill Cosby and the Carters? Well, "This summer, readers seem eager for masochistic diversions." Ungratified sex, that's the surest explanation for anything. (Bloom can tell us how *that* came about.)

That the lo-cal *New York Times Book Review* also got it wrong goes without saying. Its browsers were offered a five-minute entertainment, a list of excerpts from Hirsch's notorious List, at which to go blank amid reassurances that it's all in fun, really, though there *is* this cranky professor who thinks one really should recognize such things, ho ho.

Back when I reviewed frequently for the *Times Book Review* I came to expect routine calls just before press time from sharp voices with revisions to propose. Their concern, so they said, was always for "the reader." There was so much that "the reader" might be unsure of. Afloat near the word "uncertainty," just the word "Heisenberg" was enigmatic; let's change that to "the physicist Werner Heisenberg, OK?"—even add that he formulated an "uncertainty principle," OK? And "I grow old, I grow old": shouldn't we say, "As T. S. Eliot's Prufrock put it," OK?

As it happens, I can date the inception of those calls; the first one came in mid-1982. About then, it seems, the *Times* people awoke to what Professor Hirsch has documented, that all writing beyond Dick-and-Jane is inherently allusive, and that much of the readership just isn't up to the challenge. They may even have realized that readers of the *Book Review* are not necessarily readers of books. They began to cajole the bylined authors into tolerating lots of explanatory asides. I used to ask why they didn't just write the stuff in-house, and got known, I fear, as a crusty writer to deal with.

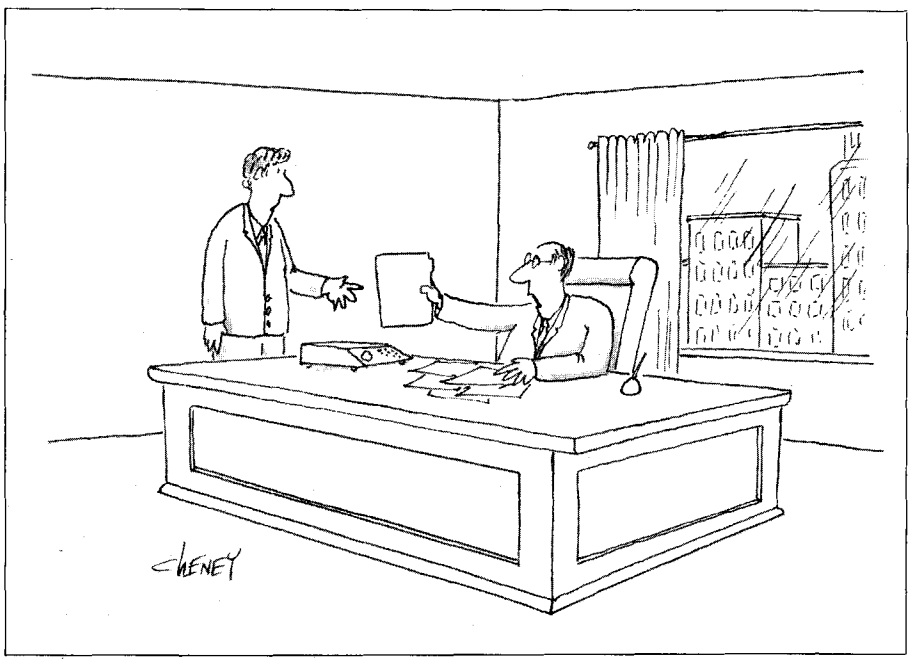
I also proposed, more than once, that the *Times* underrated its "reader." In the light of Professor Hirsch's *Cultural Literacy* I'm no longer so sure. I now don't even suspect that addiction to the *Times* is what induces catatonia. For Hirsch tells us how it came about. With ample documentation he argues, explicitly and somewhat laboriously, that from about 1918, American education has been caught in a fatal drift toward teaching Reading in the abstract. You learn to *Read*, never mind by reading what. The idea could seem democratic, because people with diverse talents, facing diverse futures, will be employing the all-important skill on quite different things. Reduce it, then, to its essence, which is skill at decoding. Dick-and-Jane books aim at teaching exactly that skill. Unfortunately, they don't teach anything else. Hence the debacle.

"Decoding" means getting swiftly from the marks on the page to the sounds: "Oh, see Spot!" Unhappily, such skill however well mastered won't help with "I'm stuck in Siberia," where "Siberia" has an acculturated meaning we need to have somehow acquired.

We needn't know—this is important—Siberia's area, latitude, longitude, mean temperature, typical fauna: only that it's shorthand for "a place of punitive exile." The "meaning" of all spoken or written discourse is a weave of such elements by the hundred: not just "words" to see and say, but words and phrases that carry schemata with them. These shared schemata hold a culture together; it's important that we all have access to the same ones. That needn't mean swallowing encyclopedias; the schemata rely on the close-enough.

Fifty years back—and I'm not about to hunt up the reference—Ezra Pound, paraphrasing something or other, remarked, "I have forgotten which book," then looked up at his reader to utter a golden apophthegm: "Culture begins when one *has* 'forgotten which book.' "

Culture is a huge mosaic of *partial* knowledge, a fact invisible to Senior



"Here you are, Harrison. Try to have it completed and on my desk as soon as possible, at least before Stephen King writes another novel."

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MAKING OMELETS WITHOUT BREAKING EGGS

It's impossible. But many things once thought impossible have become routine through technological advance. For example, a great amount of progress is being made in new technologies to burn coal cleanly.

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Editors who hang suspended in a web of "fact-checkers." The point of the List is not, as Kanfer had it, that we need to know "Who said we should burn with a hard, gemlike flame?" Since Hirsch doesn't tell us (Walter Pater), *Time* had to send out a researcher, and Kanfer grumps. No, the point is that one criterion of literacy is ability to pick up from those words an allusion to the intense life. That means having met "hard, gemlike flame" before, and acquired some hint of what it connotes. Far from being "the latest intellectual parlor game," Hirsch's 63-page listing documents, suggestively, the common—and vanishing—shorthand of American writing.

If Hirsch is right, how much of Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind* is getting read? Lots of copies are carried home. But the book, when we crack it open, sets to work dispensing terms that, by Hirsch's showing, should lose most readers utterly: "Rousseau"; "Nietzsche"; "Socrates"; even "Marcuse."

They are complementary books. Bloom takes longer views, and concerns himself not with classroom basics but with university curricula. His argument points, like Hirsch's, toward fragmentation. The Humanities, for instance, "are like the great old Paris Flea Market, where, amidst masses of junk, people with a good eye found castaway treasures. . . . Or they are like a refugee camp where all the geniuses driven out of their jobs and countries by unfriendly regimes are idling, either unemployed or performing menial tasks."

Natural science, though "doing just fine," goes dumb precisely when you ask it why it's a fit activity for human minds. It has no grip, you see, on "the irreducible bit of man that is not body," and will tell you to ask a philosopher, at the same time denying that philosophy is knowledge.

As for the social sciences, "Within most of the specialties, about half of the practitioners usually do not believe the other half even belong among them," nor is there any agreement about which specialty is primary (economics? psychology? sociology?), nor even about what constitutes "science." (Do orderly procedures suffice, or must we have verifiable predictions? If the economist's forecasts prove wrong, is he unscientific? Merely unlucky? Or perhaps an inadequate psychologist? "Supply and demand" is after all a psychological law; nothing out in non-human nature underlies it.)

Understandably, then, what has come to unite the "community of minds" is simply an agreement that truth is relative. I'm OK and you're OK, so long as neither of us is claiming to be *right*. We're just practicing our (watertight) disciplines. Or if I'm Iranian, you Venezuelan, then we're expressing our cultural norms. Talk away about forgiving your pickpockets; I'll go on chopping the hands off mine. OK? There is no end to such loose tolerance. Bloom calls it, with irony, "Our Virtue." It's the one thing all students come to college believing, and the one belief college is guaranteed not to alter.

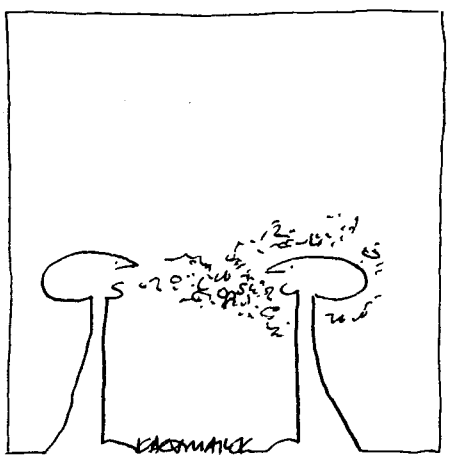
"The crisis consists not so much in this incoherence as in our incapacity to discuss or even recognize it." (Recognize it, and *Time* calls you "cranky.") "Liberal education flourished when it prepared the way for a discussion of a unified view of nature and man's place in it, which the best minds debated on the highest level." Aristotle and Locke, with whatever disagreement, were talking about the same thing. John Rawls and Jacques Derrida merely talk past one another, and you pick your "discipline."

Bloom's seductive writing is laced with zingers. "The dreariness of the family's spiritual life passes belief. It is as monochrome and unrelated to those who pass through it as are the barren steppes frequented by nomads who take their barren substance and move on." (That pertains to the drear fate of religion, of which he also remarks, "As respect for the Sacred—the latest fad—has soared, real religion and knowledge of the Bible have diminished to the vanishing point.") Or try this, about an occasion on which "life scientists brought bag lunches to a musicologist's lecture": "The project was inspired by C. P. Snow's silly conceit about 'the two cultures,' the rift between which he proposed to heal by getting humanists to learn the second law of thermodynamics and physicists to read Shakespeare. The enterprise would, of course, be something other than an exercise in spiritual uplift only if the physicist learned something important for his physics from Shakespeare, and if the humanist similarly profited from the second law of thermodynamics." Yes.

Again I'll voice a suspicion. As buyers of Hirsch are doubtless flipping to the List, so buyers of Bloom are very likely reading to about page 146 (essentially, an account of what entering freshmen believe; it includes his Case against Rock, and segues into fascinating pages on Woody Allen). But as names like "Hegel, Fichte, Nietzsche" cluster thicker and thicker and the book declares its historical underpinnings: then (I'm guessing) many readers either give up altogether or flip forward to page 313 or so, where, zooming in from the Sixties atrocities at Cornell, Bloom starts X-raying what universities have to offer.

I admire his unsoured candor. His book is dedicated "To My Students," whom he's taught at Chicago for decades. A son of mine was one. He's in effect saying that to many college-trained readers his own book about colleges will be unintelligible, and he is surely aware of the Hirsch thesis, that most living victims of American schools will find it too deep. Yet he has carved its phrases with love. It's a joy. Whatever the reason for the sales, I'm glad it's selling (in France too, by the way; and it won the Jean-Jacques Rousseau Prize in Geneva).

Back to *Time*. What makes so glib a staff so ineducable? The first time I wrote for *Discover* (which Time Inc. has now, alas, abandoned) I was pursued around the continent by phone calls from the checkers. They verified each statement, and with what zeal! No, the guard at the Hampton Court Maze did *not* mount a ladder near closing time to shout at tourists still trapped. The London Bureau had checked. So I'd seen it done in 1964?



Practicing being a good listener.

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Well, we reworded a sentence. And so on. I was grateful for their care.

Still, the unit of attention was the isolate statement, and much can go awry in between. So it's true that "Who said we should burn with a hard, gemlike flame?" is a question with an answer (Pater, though it's not exactly what he said), and it's true that "intellectual parlor games" contain questions like that, and it's true that "burn with a hard, gemlike flame" turns up on page 160 of *Cultural Literacy* as part of "What Literate Americans Know"; true, finally, that Stefan Kanfer's wild way of fitting these atoms together slipped past the checking system utterly.

FRAGMENTATION, you see. At nearly every publication you can think of, a system, maintained at sometimes great expense, checks fragments for termites and is lauded as a guarantor of truth. Past it nonsense slips, wholesale. And the School, the Academy, so Hirsch and Bloom are telling us, both create and model this ramshackledom where money gets put. *Time* has maybe five million students. Never mind that you're clear of school. You still read? Beware. □

HENRY KLINGEMAN

ANGRY AND STUPID

IN 1965 Allan Bloom surveyed the emerging generation of American students and was pleased. "These students," he wrote, "are a kind of democratic version of an aristocracy. The unbroken prosperity of the last twenty years gives them the confidence that they can always make a living. So they are ready to undertake any career or adventure if it can be made to appear serious. The ties of tradition, family, and financial responsibility are weak. . . . A look at this special group tends to favor a hopeful prognosis for the country's moral and intellectual health."

Well, to err is human. To publish a 392-page apology is divine. As a product of the university system largely molded by the Sixties, I couldn't read *The Closing of the American Mind* and escape unscathed. At the University of Pennsylvania, my alma mater, college administrators schizophrenically admonished us to consider ourselves America's elite, while making leveling egalitarianism the university's etiquette. The result, in Bloom's thumbnail sketch of me and my cohort, is: "Today's select students know so much less, are so much more cut off from the tradition, are so much slacker intellectually, that they make their predecessors look like prodigies of culture."

Just so. The most striking thing about my experience at Penn was the university's indifference to its central task: education. My generation comes to college with a cleaner slate than any previous one: with fewer prejudices, fewer ideas, fewer political passions. That vacuum may not be admirable, but instead of viewing our "niceness," as Bloom witheringly calls it, as an opportunity, the university culture sees it as a vice to be eliminated. If, as Bloom says, we come to college nice and empty, we leave only empty. For what the current academic culture insistently teaches is that the highest coin of virtue is unthinking moral passion. Not the stuff of which either good neighbors or great philosophers are made.

HOUSTON BAKER is a professor of English, one of a handful of black faculty members at Penn. In 1985 he was the star witness at an "anti-racism" rally. Hundreds of students, disciples of a black-power movement led by admirers of Louis Farrakhan, massed in front of the president's house to hear Baker. Professor Baker's rhetoric reached its zenith when he called a fellow professor an "a------," labeled the president and provost of the university "incompetent white folks," and colorfully, if inarticulately, characterized the whole administration as "bull----."

This is just what Penn has come to expect—from professors and students alike. Far from being seen as a bad egg, Baker is a campus icon. His attractively radical views make up for his nasty personal habits. Politics is the wedge that permits our educated elite to display so much beastliness with so little shame. And politics, which entered the university surreptitiously through student sloganeering, has ended up enshrined in course catalogues—no longer an appetizer but the main fare. Thumbing through the Spring 1985 guide, I came across this little entry in the Afro-American Studies program: "Intro to AFAMS" would examine "the major themes and issues in the Afro-American's experience from the passing of Reconstruction . . . up to today, when the Black community is looking inward and to its own resources due to Reaganomics." "Reaganomics"? I hope a little gratuitous political bias didn't creep into this course.

At first it was Vietnam that gave students moral cover for their intellectual indifference. Who cares about Plato when we're napalming little children? Opposition to the war allowed academics to be shrill and hateful, and to accomplish the unlikely task of justifying moral relativism by reference to a higher moral good. But the war ended, and academia needed a new excuse to ignore the hard work of education. It has found it in unceasing attention to minority concerns, enforced by rigid self-censorship on the part of the majority. For two years I wrote a column, called "Right Angle," in the *Daily Pennsylvanian*. My column kept the editor of the letters section hopping, precisely because it did not conform to the dominant ethos. Nevertheless, the dozens of outraged letters were best summed up by the one, signed by several students, that proclaimed: "[Mr. Klingeman's] straitjacket views are dangerous to us all." Why lambaste me for trying to impose intellectual conformity when a) I was doing exactly the

Mr. Klingeman (Penn '86) is currently working on a project under the auspices of the Educational Reviewer.

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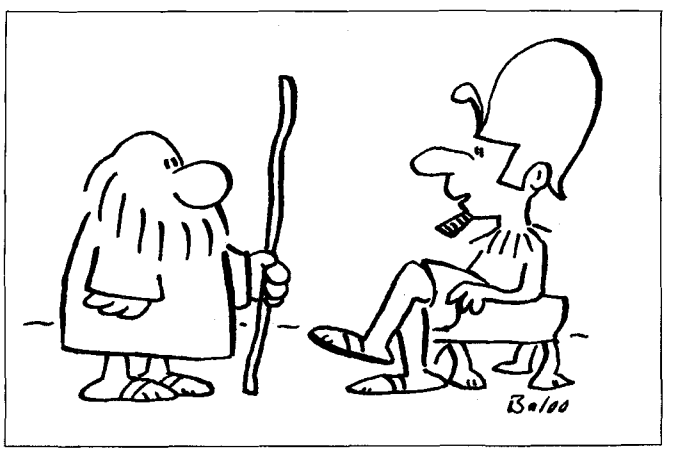
reverse, and b) my critics and I had much more substantial disagreements to discuss?

I came to believe, after four years at Penn, that the groups that occupy most of the university's intellectual energy and moral concern—radical blacks, homosexuals, feminists, battered wives, displaced Salvadorans—are valued not because they are the most needy, but because they are the most cut off from the mainstream. Around the university, being mainstream—a part of the healthy center—is possibly a crime, and at least a horrible faux pas.

Consider the experience of the Penn Women's Center, which was created to provide coeds with a nurturing environment in contrast to the oppressive, patriarchal traditions of Penn. In 1984, a search committee of Penn feminists hired a woman named Ximena Bunster to be director of the Women's Center. Before the year was out, so was Ximena Bunster—charged with committing the moral hat trick of "racism, anti-Semitism, and homophobia." Her real crime was her attempt to "change the image and increase the visibility of the Penn Women's Center," as she put it. She wanted the Women's Center to try to draw in "all women on campus"—not just hard-core feminists and lesbian separatists. Not in spite of but because of her efforts to make the Women's Center cater to the needs of most Penn women, Ximena Bunster was declared "intolerant," which is the current code word for "intolerable." At Penn, the majority is morally invisible; being a minority gives one Being

As a kind of epitaph on my generation, Bloom wrote: "The students' wandering and wayward energies finally found a political outlet. By the mid-Sixties universities were offering them every concession other than education, but appeasement failed and soon the whole experiment in excellence was washed away, leaving not a trace. The various liberations wasted away that marvelous energy and tension, leaving the students' souls exhausted and flaccid, capable of calculating, but not of passionate insight."

Given academia's political culture, one can only rejoice that this is the case. From my years at Penn, I would say our best ground for hope is that the Left controls the campus not through students' convictions but through their apathy. Despite Bloom's gloom about current tunes, it is reassuring that more Penn students signed a petition urging that the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame be placed in Philadelphia, than one demanding that Penn divest now. □



"Affirmative action is out of the question, but how about if I just let your people go?"

TOM BETHELL

TOTEM AND TABOO AT STANFORD

THE STANFORD FACULTY ran off the Reagan Presidential Library without too much trouble, just in time for the university's centennial cornerstone-laying celebrations—Secretary of State George Shultz in attendance. The joggers, environmentalists, and free spirits with tenure who had opposed the library held self-congratulatory parties in the rolling foothills, free at last from the terrors of Reaganism.

Donald Kennedy, the president of the university, took to the campus radio station to deplore all the "crowing," with everyone who opposed the library "quickly racing to take credit for the outcome." This was not very helpful to anybody, he said, probably thinking of the university administration, which has just embarked on a $1.1-billion fundraising drive, the most ambitious in the history of private education.

The university trustees had originally voted to accept the library, but in February of this year the Academic Senate (a faculty body) passed a resolution saying that the university's acceptance "did not represent a collective position either endorsing or condemning the person or policies of Mr. Reagan." The Reagan Library Foundation (including Nancy Reagan, I was told) felt put off by this less-than-hospitable reception. Even Donald Kennedy had questioned whether the faculty's ostensible objections—library too large, too visible to joggers and hikers, ecologically unsound—were not "surrogates" for "political concerns."

At the eleventh hour Thomas Sowell of the Hoover Institution wrote a letter to the *Stanford Daily* suggesting that all these environmental and architectural concerns could be eliminated by renaming the facility the Edward M. Kennedy Library, but alas his suggestion came too late. The Reagan Library Foundation had by that time resolved to search for a more hospitable home in Southern California, and a face-saving excuse was concocted.

It was an interesting six months—the first time I have spent at a university since I graduated from Oxford in 1962. I was a "media fellow" at the Hoover Institution, which is *at* Stanford but not *of* it. The Stanford faculty likes to accuse Hoover, with its collection of free-market scholars, of being political. On the contrary, I found Hoover to be much more oriented toward pure academic research than toward public policy.

By contrast, Stanford events were frequently politicized, and always in the same direction. A few months ago, the Reverend Jesse Jackson spoke on campus and led a march of students chanting: "Hey hey, ho ho, Western culture has

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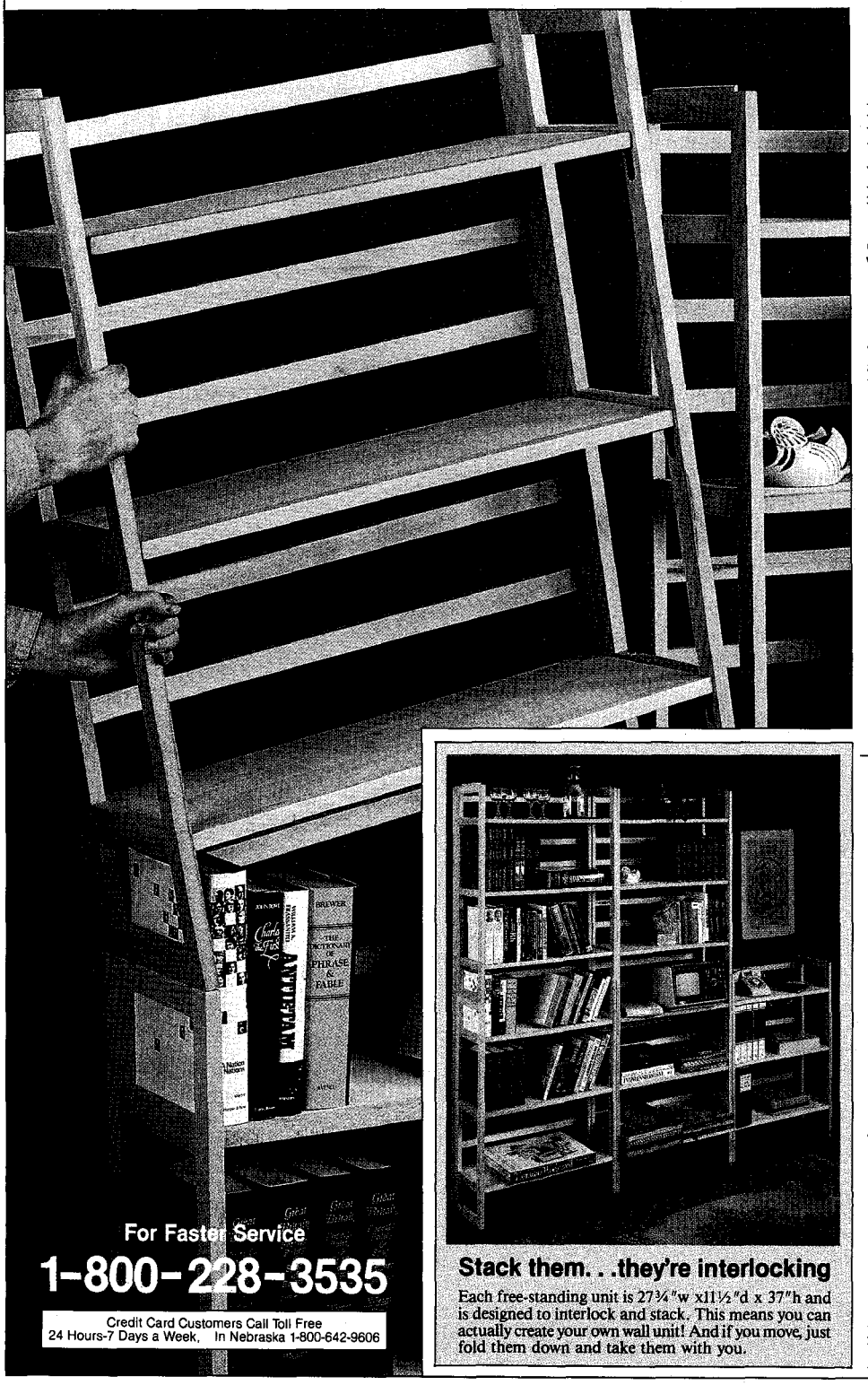

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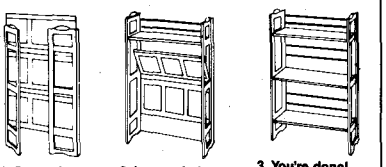

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got to go." Tip O'Neill was this year's commencement speaker. An emeritus professor at Stanford pointed out that "only in the last few years has the selection of the commencement speaker been politicized." Andrew Young addressed the graduating class in 1979; Mario Cuomo in 1985. "Conservative speakers are not invited," he said. President Reagan was once briefly suggested as a speaker. It was decided there would be security problems. But that did not prevent last year's first-choice invitation going out to Mikhail Gorbachev in the Kremlin.

In March, Jimmy Carter addressed a large student audience. In introducing him, Don Kennedy, who headed the Food and Drug Administration under President Carter, alluded to Reagan's growing Iran-Contra problems—an opportunity, he said, "to develop comparative judgments." Then, throwing euphemism to the winds, he crowed to the crowd: "He's looking better all the time!" Jimmy smiled like the Cheshire Cat. Kennedy himself (one read in the campus paper) had just returned from a little politicking in Greenbrier, West Virginia, where he delivered a speech to Democratic congressmen about the need for more federal money at places like Stanford.

Jimmy was his low-keyed self, fires damped, speakin' in his even Georgia monotone, good recitation of detail but big picture never in focus: nothin' in the world that couldn't be resolved by patient negotiation and good will with one or two State Department lawyers standin' by to initial the agreements. Does the whole *world* not want peace and verifiable agreements, superb air quality, the finest environment? Carter exhorted the students, for perhaps the two-hundredth time since they arrived on campus, to become a little more . . . you know . . .

"I don't want to encourage student activism," he said with a little self-deprecating grin, and then a lip-lickin' pause to savor the pleasure, because he was about to mention the activist in the family, and you knew a BUT was comin' right after the reference to Amy and Abbie . . .

"But our nation's policies were transformed by students: Earth Day, Selma, changed the course of the nation . . . If students or professors don't like U.S. policy in Central America, or abandonment of arms-control agreements . . . where are their voices? Where are their sacrifices? There is a phase in life that opens up opportunities for enlightened activism and that is the student years . . ."

His good liberal monotone droned on into the night: conscience of our nation, your dreams, your idealism, responsible, will find your opportunities dissipate when you leave here . . .

WELL, GUESS WHAT, Jimmy? "Students Stage Five-Hour Sit-In" was the *Stanford Daily* headline on May 19. A "coalition of minority groups" called the Rainbow Agenda occupied Donald Kennedy's office—there was a picture of them with raised fists sitting in among the office equipment. And they had Demands: that the university sponsor a forum on "campus racism"; that it appoint a commission to "study racism and the quality of minority life"; that minority enrollment be increased; that recruitment from inner cities be stepped up; that more affirmative-action faculty be hired; and so on.

"Occasional acts of civil disobedience are necessary," Kennedy himself had said a year earlier. "If carried on in full awareness of the consequences, they are often deeply persuasive."

No doubt sensing the absence of consequences, the weakness in high places, groups with accredited victim status and accusation privileges were probing for soft spots all the months I was at Stanford. They encountered only concessions. Kennedy yielded; the forum on racism was granted. It was held at the Law School Auditorium.

Outside the door was the usual display of Marxist literature trucked in from Oakland—the same material that was available all over campus when Jesse Jackson came to speak: *Worker's Vanguard*; *A Future to Win*, published by "the U.S. League of Revolutionary Struggle (Marxist-Leninist)"; *Unity* (for "Peace, Justice, Equality, and Socialism"); and so on. The auditorium was full.

THE RAINBOW REPRESENTATIVES (black, Asian, Chicano, American Indian) sat in a row on stage and prepared to deliver their indictments. But first Kennedy had some contrite openers. "The purpose is education," he said. "None of us—especially those who are white males—can afford a sense of comfort or unconcern about the issue the organizers are raising." He pleaded guilty on behalf of us all before the arraignment began. Only recently he had been asked by a journalist: Was there institutional racism at Stanford? "I replied that I thought to an extent there was," he said, "and added that in fact I was afraid very few institutions in our society escaped that charge."

Fashionably clad Faye McNair-Knox, assistant dean for campus and student affairs, who is black, made a revealing comment. "As we move into the next hundred years," she said, "we want Stanford to be a place that allows us to be a part of, as well as apart from in our uniqueness, what's going on on campus."

Apart from? Perhaps she had in mind Stanford's "theme dorms," Ujaama, Casa Zapata, and Okada—racial enclaves where some minority students choose to live. In 1984, a Mexican-American senior at Stanford who had lived in a theme dorm said to a researcher: "Zapata was an activist culture, not technically Mexican-American but East Los Angeles culture. . . . If you don't subscribe to their views and you are one of the same racial stock, you're looked down upon. They feel it is their mission to convert you. . . . It is an extremely stressful situation—unthinkable to subject freshmen to that. . . . I hated it there. Those people were the most racist people I've ever run into." In a survey conducted by John H. Bunzel, a senior research fellow at Hoover and until recently a member of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, three-fourths of the seniors polled said they thought the theme dorms promoted separatism rather than friendship.

Back at the racism forum, the Asian-American representative said that while she was at the wheel of her car one evening a group of students ("you know, with the beer in the hand and stuff like that") had asked her for a ride. She had ignored them. "What's the matter with you?" came the reply. "Don't you even speak English?" Just like that! (Hushed silence in the auditorium.) She was "actually very scared" by this, because "the whole tone of his voice carried with it the assumption that I did not belong at Stanford University." And to think, she went on, there are

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those who say that "Asian-Americans at Stanford have made it." Huh! There's that sinister old myth of the model minority! The true message, subtle, hidden, and institutional, is that "we do not fit in."

"We have to make this university accountable," said Bill King, a pre-med student and incoming chairman of the Black Student Union. "The fact of the matter is," he said, "a lot of the mental illness that exists at Stanford isn't due to biology problems," which as a pre-med student he had been studying, "but to problems such as racism." (Right on, brother.) "There's abilities to get cures at a place like this," not by addressing "mere biology," he said, but by addressing—once again he said it—"racism."

At the centennial ceremonies, the Rainbow people had walked out on the Secretary of State. "We were trying extra hard to be polite," King said reasonably. And yes, that had been a black-power salute they shot up into the air in front of all those dignitaries. "We feel we deserve to have some power too . . . in a place that excludes us." Black students "are not considered a part of the university," he said—"more of a hastily added patch, in the name of diversity and appeasement."

Appeasement? Oh dear, did he just concede that they had been making threats while posing as victims? But no one seemed to notice. He ended on a plaintive note: "We're students, not teachers," he said. "We shouldn't have to teach people these things."

We heard also from Cecilia Burciaga, associate dean of graduate studies and resident fellow of Casa Zapata, who told us she went about campus with a little notebook jotting down racist vignettes as she encountered them. "You'll see me carrying it around," said this latter-day Madame Defarge, who proceeded to read her prize entry: "Black sophomore male approached by two Stanford males after the ballgame and told, 'Hey, look, a Stanford bro! Yeah, look, a Stanford bro! Ask him what his SAT scores are.' "

In due course Don Kennedy responded from the floor: "Bill said at one point, 'We're students, not teachers, and we shouldn't have to teach.' I think that's right to a degree. . . . But I also think that there's a higher vision of this place. It's one in which we are all teachers and all students, and we trust one another in both roles."

Nonetheless there was murmuring on campus—a feeling that Kennedy maybe had conceded too much, too easily. But no one wanted to be accused of . . . you know . . . so a freshman called Perry Friedman pretty much had the field to himself when he wrote to the *Stanford Daily* and boldly turned the tables on the Campus Accusers, charging that some "self-righteous" people were "trying to use their minority status to gain special treatment, relying on the sympathy of the majority and the threat that anyone opposing them will be labeled racist."

Liberals, in the overwhelming majority at Stanford, find such "Rainbow demands" difficult to oppose: what principle, exactly, can be invoked to resist them? The administration is merely asked to go on doing what it has already been doing. The Rainbow Agenda is saying in effect: We like *your* agenda of affirmative-action hiring, minority recruitment, and so on. Just do more of it, more promptly. If you don't, we'll exercise our name-calling privileges. And while you're at it, build us a multi-cultural center. And give us a vice-provost of our very own (with the right genes, mind). Oh, and one more thing: it's time you changed the curriculum so that we finally get away from this narrow, parochial, ethnocentric, subtly racist, institutional Western Culture . . .

WHAT IS OPERATING at Stanford, and throughout American universities if Allan Bloom and his allies are correct, is the awesome power of taboo. If you want to take on an entire culture—and one that is successful enough to allow Stanford students, at least, to live in country-club comfort for four years—it's best not to argue with it. Arguments are endless and they can be lost. They presuppose two sides to a question. And they require thought.

No, cultures must be vetoed with simple-minded accusations that tolerate no dissent. Race and gender do the job nicely, providing primitive tools with which to slander a culture and close a mind.

This leaves open the question of why some rather pampered students—if only a small minority—would want to participate in the Left's trashing of their culture. "Hey hey, ho ho, Western culture has got to go!" Where did that come from? What is the motivation? Students, I suspect, wouldn't participate at all in such nihilistic exercises if it weren't so easy—and cost-free. After all, the faculty certainly won't look askance on them for collaborating with the Left. The faculty, by and large, *is* the Left.

In April a faculty task force called for major reforms in the Western Culture course (a requirement for graduation). The "core reading list" would have to go, and there would have to be a new emphasis on non-European culture, so the students could "confront issues relating to class, race, and gender." The new course would have to include "a substantial number of works by women, minorities, and persons of color."

In earlier decades, Stanford's Western Culture course had been one of its

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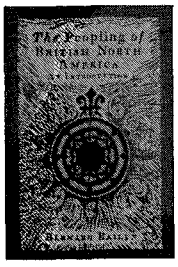

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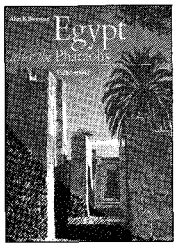

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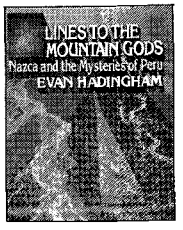

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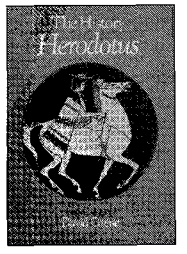

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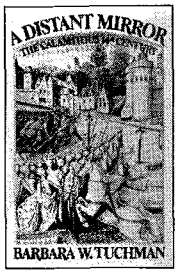

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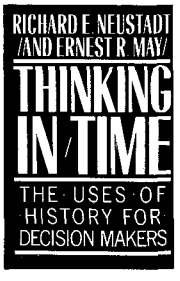

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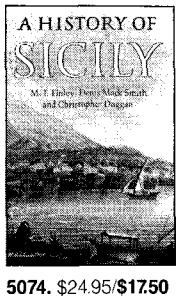

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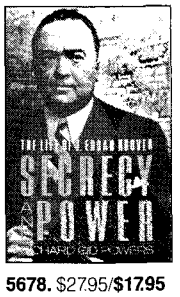

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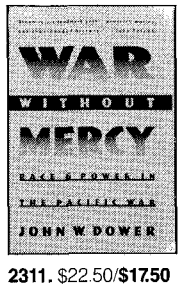

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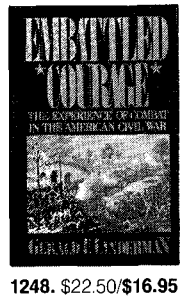

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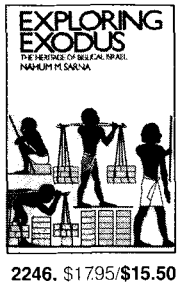

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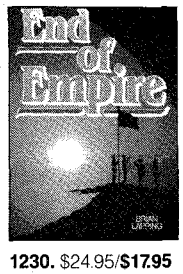

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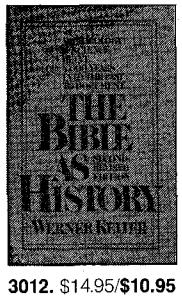

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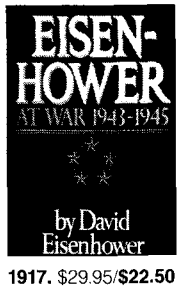

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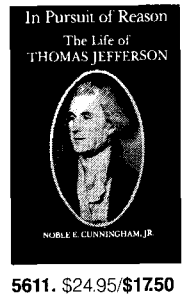

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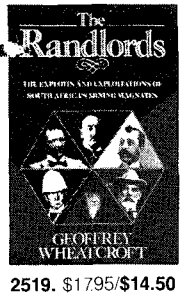

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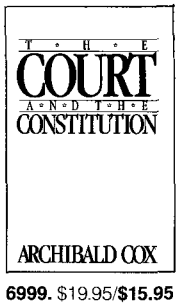

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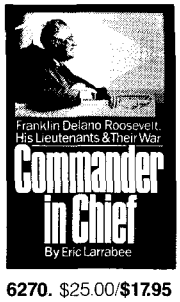

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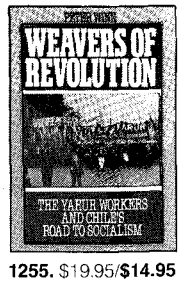

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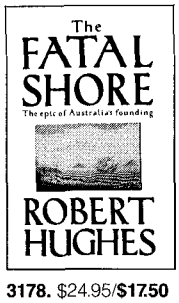

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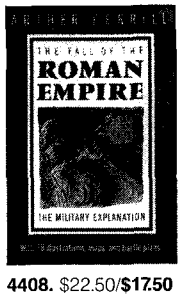

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prime educational attractions. Then came the late-Sixties rioting, window smashing, and arson. Leftists ruined the Green Library card catalogue with an Elmer's Glue attack. At about that time, the Western Culture graduation requirement was abolished altogether.

It was restored a decade later, at the end of the 1970s, when there was (in retrospect) a conservative resurgence worldwide. But now the Left has regrouped and is resuming its assault on the West with a different strategy. The culture is to be co-opted, eaten away from within. No need to burn down the cathedral: install Archbishop Hunthausen within it. No need to ruin the card catalogue with glue: introduce into the curriculum notions of diversity, pluralism, awareness of one's ethnic assumptions.

Bill King put it more colorfully: "We as peoples of color, being from Africa, being from the Americas, being from Asia, are all a part of the West because there's no such thing—it's all the world . . ." A black spokeswoman said: "To a black woman, the great classics may be by Alice Walker and Amiri Baraka, not Plato and Dante."

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION is one reason why the Western Culture course is changing, and why it will continue to change. Newly hired women and minority faculty want to teach what they know best. And that is likely to mean Feminist Studies and Minority Studies. Affirmative action is now a dominant feature of life at Stanford, as at all major universities. No doubt the Federal Government's Equal Employment Opportunity Commission or Office of Contract Compliance would require it even if the university's politicized community did not embrace it. Stanford is a private university in name only. Forty-three per cent of the university's budget, or about $300 million out of $713 million, comes from the Federal Government.

From local newspaper articles and campus publications, it sometimes seems that affirmative action is *the* framework into which all other aspects of university life must fit. Hardly a week goes by without some new statistical disclosure, for example the datum that "blacks and American Indians together earned only 131 of the 7,416 doctoral degrees granted to U.S. residents in 1985 in engineering and the life sciences." Whole personnel offices are kept busy working out the statistics, ever on the alert for "underrepresentation"—unchallengeable evidence of "discrimination," hence "institutional racism." I am told there are "demands" in the law school that the next six faculty vacancies must be filled by women and minorities.

Addressing the junior class last fall, English prof Diane Middlebrook noted that "Among students currently at Stanford, there seems to be a distinct revival of that spirit of honorable quest for social change that requires questioning authority." She suspected that it all had something to do with being born "in the Age of Aquarius," the sign "that stands for the power of radical ideas." Apart from a few Rainbow types, however, most of the students seem largely immune to the endless political exhortations of their Sixties-vintage teachers. They are, as Allan Bloom says, "nice": polite, moderate, what leftists call "apathetic": when not studying they seem content to play volleyball and throw frisbees.

Still . . . Miss Middlebrook isn't giving up without a little effort. She heads up the Feminist Studies Program, one part of this many-headed dragon now roaming at will all over university life. There are Gender Identity Conferences, there's an Institute for Research on Women and Gender, a Graduate Women's Network, a Center for Research on Women, feminist poetry workshops, seminars by Adrienne Rich, feminist poet and "theoretician"; there's mentoring, networking, chairing, workshopping, inputting, theorizing, and empowering (a lot of empowerment these days, whatever that is); and there was even a lecture series on Women's Humor and Social Satire, with a talk by assistant English prof Regenia Gagnier on the topic: "Between Women: A Cross-Class Analysis of Anarchic Humor." I believe it was genuinely funny.

In her talk to the juniors, Diane Middlebrook noted that the "questioning of authority" that began in the hallowed decade "changed cultural mores" and even "modified the knowledge base" itself. "In my own field of literary criticism," she went on, "the changes came from political challenges to the white male dominance of the literary tradition but also from the influence of other disciplines: linguistics, structural anthropology, post-Freudian psychoanalysis, and critical sociology . . . Some of you are now majoring in the programs and courses that are the direct intellectual legacy of the social consciousness of the Sixties: Human Biology; African and Afro-American Studies; Values, Technology, and Society; Feminist Studies; Modern Thought and Literature; Urban Studies . . ."

And they call *Hoover* political? Stanford today is dominated by an overarching, interdisciplinary ideology, comprising equal parts Feminism, Diversity & Pluralism, Critical Legal Studies, Deconstruction, Liberation Theology, Evolution & Revolution, Deference to Third World Culture. Summarize it as Re-education. The trend in the Higher Humanities is an assault on meaning and definition and all settled notions of identity—vetoes and taboos again—as a preliminary to enthroning . . . well, they never say quite what, but it doesn't seem promising. Consider the Law School.

The new Law School dean, replacing John Hart Ely (a moderate), is Paul Brest, an adherent of Critical Legal Studies. CLS is one outcome of the "long march through the institutions" undertaken by the Left. It is the intellectual-sounding name given to a movement that (by analogy with similar movements in the English and modern-language departments) seeks to "deconstruct" legal texts; or, more plainly, "trash" them (the word is used by supporters of CLS). It is a leftist tactic to undermine the whole notion of law by claiming that it means what CLS advocates say it means and nothing else.

"What strikes me as most distinctive about CLS is its focus on ambiguity," says Stanford Law prof (and crit) Mark Kelman. "Maybe it's because we take the process of working oneself out of centrist ideology more seriously than other people on the Left." Robert Gordon added: "The idea of the isolated self rationally acting on desires or preferences is just myth." (Translation: Let's do away with contracts and property.)

One day I spoke to some law students from the Stanford branch of the Federalist Society, who told me of an unusual meeting on Silence in Class, drawing attention to the alleged non-participation of minorities in class discussions. It was organized by Professor Chuck Lawrence, who (according to an article in the Stanford Law School *Jour-*

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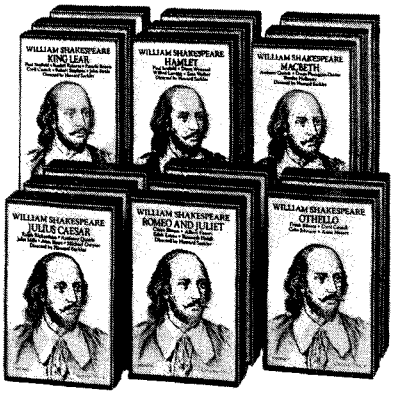

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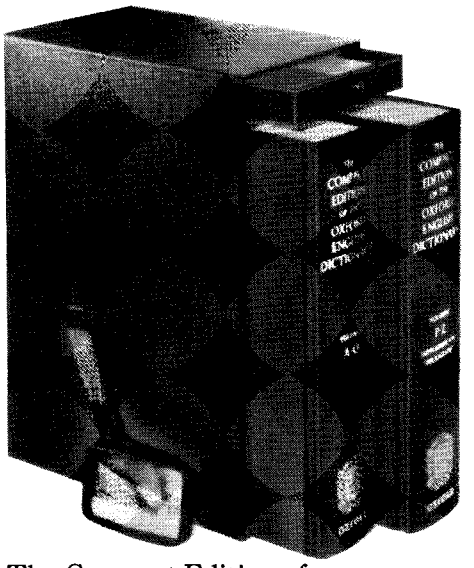

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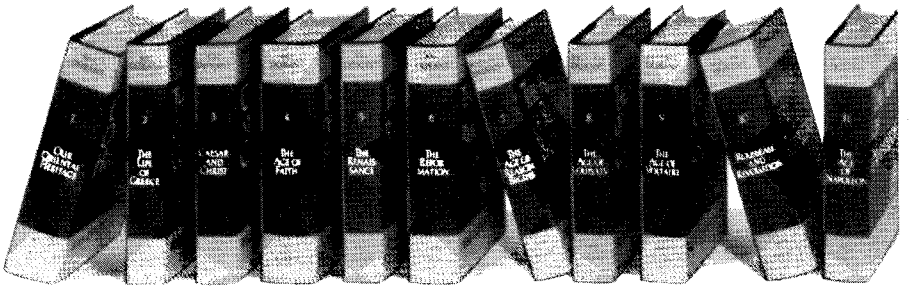

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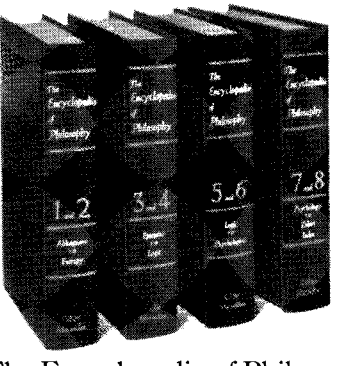

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nal) kicks off his first-year Constitutional Law class with "recollections of his growing up in Harlem and his encounters with racism and injustice," and speeches "about the rights and ideals promised, though often not delivered, by the Constitution."

The Silence in Class panel was proceeding as expected, with the usual accusations from feminists, blacks, and gays. Someone was saying that "everyone agrees there's nothing wrong with gay marriage," and just because straights are uncomfortable with it, "we shouldn't let them off the hook." Out of the blue, a second-year student named Scott Reisch, who is on law review and is not a conservative, stood up and said: "People feel there's overt intimidation in classrooms directed at people other than minorities and people of color. And that is people who are conservative, and that they get sniggered at and booed and hissed at, and I guess I think one of the panels should discuss that . . ."

"Okay, I'd like to move on . . ."

"I mean, I feel that . . ."

Then a graduating third-year student named Andrew McBride stood up. "I'd like to speak up too," he said. "I'm a heterosexual white male, and I feel chilled in class a lot. I mean, I had some conservative . . ."

There was rumbling like approaching thunder and then a burst of catcalls and boos. Cries of "Noooo-o-o!" and "Nawwww!" arose: gid on oudda here, boy . . .

McBride was beaten back by the raucous response and he sat down awkwardly, as though embarrassed to have caused trouble. Those with accusation monopolies don't give them up without a fight. Taboos are fragile. The smallest violation of their integrity may render them mere opinions.

"We have time for a discussion in half an hour," said the feminist at the podium, and that was the last the class heard from Andrew McBride—silenced in the Silence in Class session.

AFTER THE condom distribution this spring there was an extraordinary story in the *Stanford Daily*: "The Office of Residential Education, for the second consecutive year, is explicitly encouraging gay and lesbian students to apply for Resident Assistant positions [in dorms] in an effort to combat homophobia on campus." When the acting dean of the chapel, Tom Ambrogi, was asked about the condom handout he said that the university was encouraging the students to make "ethical" decisions but it was not "the role of the university to determine the moral content of those decisions." Ambrogi is a laicized Jesuit passionately interested in the latest developments in El Salvador.

I went to Memorial Church in the main quad several times. It is a beautiful building, with traditional ornaments and stained glass no doubt reflecting Jane and Leland Stanford's priorities when they founded the university a hundred years ago. Here at last a haven from politics? Hush for the Prayers of Intercession:

"For Howard Baker, and all those who would restore integrity to the White House, let us pray to the Lord."

"Lord, hear our prayer."

"For our sisters and brothers in Guatemala, Chile, and El Salvador, that justice may be done in their tortured lives, let us pray to the Lord."

"Lord, hear our prayer."

"For the arms-control negotiators in Europe, that the risk of a nuclear-free Europe might be seen instead as a promise of greater gains to come, let us pray to the Lord."

"Lord, hear our prayer." □

RICHARD BROOKHISER

OVER HERE! OVER HERE!

ALLAN BLOOM has found the source of all our woe, and it is the Evil Empire—the German Empire, that is. In his account, Nietzsche, Freud, and the rest are Guderians of the intellect, sweeping at the head of their panzers across the helpless prairies, leaving in their wake a Thousand-Year Reich of the mind.

But when defenses fall so fast, you wonder how strong they were in the first place. Could it be that the krauts had help? That there was so little effective resistance because Americans already thought the way the Germans did long before anyone in this country had read *Also Sprach Zarathustra*? Could it be that America nourishes a homegrown philosophy of self-absorption that goes unnoticed because of its superficial resemblance to two other traditions of individualism—Whig politics and Protestant religion—though it is far more radical than either, and ultimately subversive of both?

If so, the man we must understand is not Friedrich or Sigmund, but Ralph Waldo Emerson.

There is an impression that Emerson is boring. "He writes like my rabbi used to talk," a friend of mine once complained (a professor of English, no less). I wonder how long it has been since my friend, and other professors, have read him. I first took him off my shelf on the way to jury duty, where I expected a dull time, so why not read something dull to pass it? During the first lunch break I sat in the little playground between the Criminal Courts Building and Chinatown, and the crust slipped from my eyes:

> There are days which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection; when the air, the heavenly bodies and the earth make a harmony, as if Nature would indulge her offspring; when, in these bleak upper sides of the planet, nothing is to desire that we have heard of the happiest latitudes, and we bask in the shining hours of Florida and Cuba; when everything that has life gives sign of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts. These halcyons may be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure Octo-

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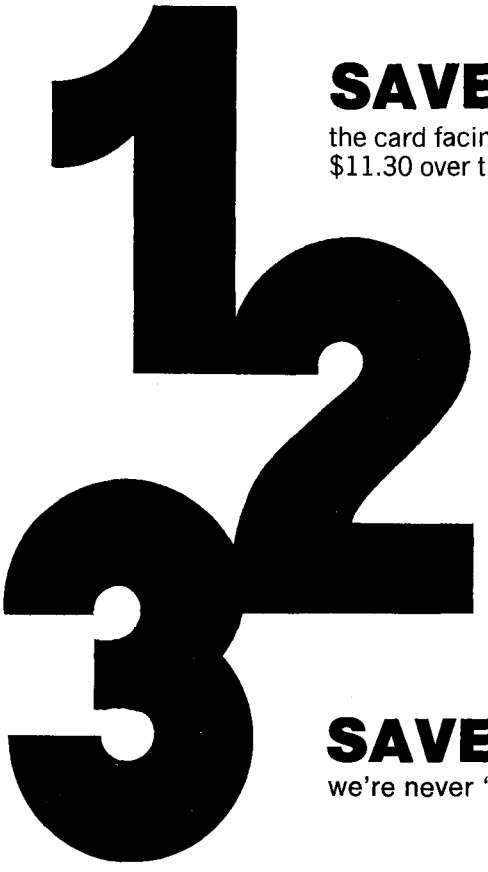

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> ber weather which we distinguish by the name of the Indian summer. The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours, seems longevity enough.

You may find prose that is more exciting, or more dense, but nothing that is more pure. Next to this, the most famous American stylists fall away, abashed. Thoreau and Hemingway seem fussy and mannered; Melville grand, but turgid; Faulkner, turgid.

Emerson is artful—he brings in Florida and Cuba to give a sense of spaciousness, cattle to come back down to earth. The aphoristic shape of the last sentence comes just before we might feel out of breath. At the same time, he seems artless, because effortless. This is only half a paragraph. The other half flows in the same way, with the same serenity; and all the other paragraphs in the essay; and all the essays in the book.

Style is a worthy consideration in estimating a philosopher: if a book is unreadable, we shouldn't read it. But a philosopher's style also reflects the kind of mind he has. The mark alike of Emerson's prose and thought is confidence. For a century and a half, we have juggled what we thought were platitudes, not knowing they were dynamite.

He set the tone in the introduction to his first book. "Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable." It's hard to say which is more astonishing, the assertion, or the *undoubtedly*. At times, except for the fact that impatience suggests anger, and hence would be foreign to his calm character, Emerson seems impatient with the very effort of communication, so confident is he. "These" problems, he writes in another place—by which he means original sin, the origin of evil, "and the like"—"never presented a practical difficulty to any man."

What Emerson is so confident of is simply that, practically speaking, you are the only thing in the universe. "Practically speaking," because he acknowledges and from time to time discusses many other things as well—time, history, art, religion, other people. But he holds them of little account. You are the measure by which they are judged. You also partake of them, recreate them, surpass them, if you will. You are God.

If we don't believe that this is what Emerson is saying, that is because we are not paying attention. Oddity may dazzle or habits deaden us. But this is the plain sense of his words. "Why should we make account of time, or of magnitude, or of figure? The soul knows them not, and genius, obeying its laws, knows how to play with them as a young child plays with graybeards and in churches." "Whenever a mind is simple and receives a divine wisdom, old things pass away—means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour." "Let us stun and astonish the intruding rabble of men and books and institutions by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid the invaders take the shoes from off their feet, for God is here within."

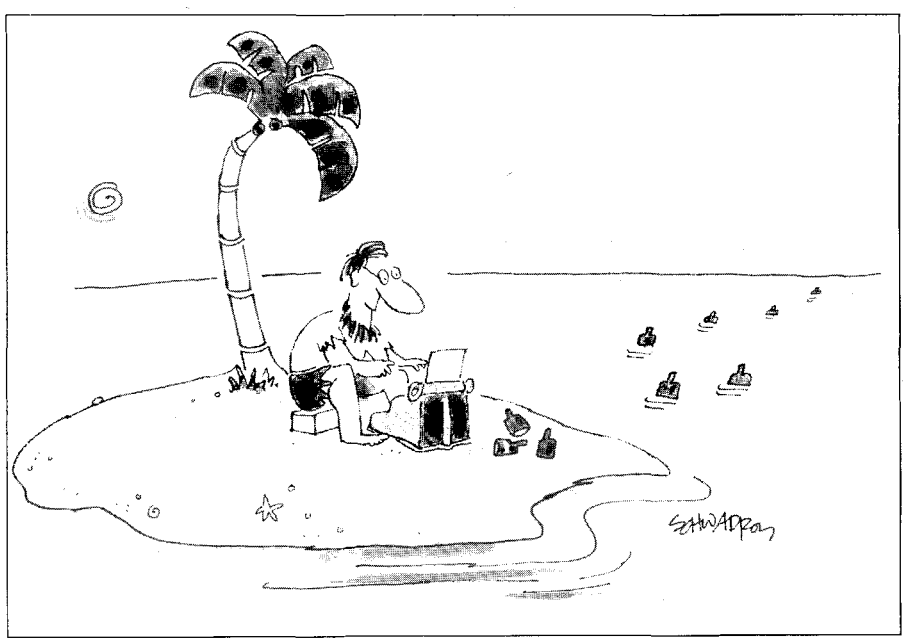
Emerson believes in the unity of existence—that everything is one thing: everything is in you, and you are in everything. But Emerson is not a man to lose sleep over causality. If Nature is truly in you, it doesn't much matter which of you acts. And since the point of vantage from which everything is seen is yours, it is simplest to say that you are the center of everything.

Resting at the hub, what an enormous number of things a man is able to do without. Reading Emerson is like watching some stupefying auction. Is *that* going? and that? and that too?

Religion gets knocked down for a song. "As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect." For three years, Emerson had been junior pastor of a Boston church. It was Unitarian, so he didn't have much to cast off. All the better for his good temper, in that he can dismiss Christianity with a shrug. In deference to his training and his environment, he still makes admiring references to Jesus, but Emerson's Jesus is rather like Emerson. "He said . . . 'I am divine. Through me, God acts; through me, speaks. Would you see God, see me; or see thee, when thou also thinkest as I now think.' "

The record of history and the products of culture he sells as cheap. "Why all this deference to Alfred and Scanderbeg and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous; did they wear out virtue?" "The Greek sculpture is all melted away, as if it had been statues of ice; here and there a solitary figure or fragment remaining, as we see flecks and scraps of snow left in cold dells and mountain clefts in June and July. For the genius that created it creates now somewhat else."

All forms of social activity strike him as distractions. "Nature will not have us fret and fume. . . . When we come out of the caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition-



"No man is an island, entire of itself." . . . "We shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be; we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds . . . we shall never surrender." . . . "Oh, it's a snug little island! A right little, tight little island!" . . .

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convention, or the Temperance-meeting, or the Transcendental-club into the fields and woods, she says to us, 'So hot? my little Sir.'" Friendship is no better. "Men cease to interest us when we find their limitations. . . . Infinitely attractive was he to you yesterday, a great hope, a sea to swim in; now, you have found his shores, found it a pond, and you care not if you never see it again."

Emerson does not explain how the consciousness of infinitude is to be achieved. Sometimes he speaks of it as a moment of ecstatic perception, sometimes as the effect of a life spent following your inclinations. He rarely offers arguments or analogies. When he does, he errs. He stands or falls on the persuasiveness of assertion.

Are we persuaded? It is interesting, though not necessarily decisive, to note that Emerson himself ceased to be. All the above quotations are taken from his two volumes of *Essays*, published in his thirties and early forties, or from still earlier writing or speaking. As early as the second volume of *Essays* there are signs of backing off. "Temperament is the iron wire on which the beads are strung. . . . Very mortifying is the reluctant experience that some unfriendly excess or imbecility neutralizes the promise of genius." More striking still are the occasional drops in the tone. "Leave me alone and I should relish every hour and what it brought me, the potluck of the day, as heartily as the oldest gossip in the bar-room. I am thankful for small mercies." It is a low God who takes potluck. Emerson lost a son to scarlet fever between the first and second collection of essays, an event of importance to the art-as-fever-chart school of literary criticism. Serious readers will be content with the testimony of the books themselves: in the work of the last half of his life, though much shrewdness and skill remain, Emerson has lost his nerve.

It is not this latter work that now makes such striking reading, but the earlier, which began with lectures to village lyceums, ten years before Nietzsche was born.

THE ONLY THING the German invaders brought that was new was trouble—trouble for those who would rest at the center of the universe. What was sweeping and serene for Emerson became, in German hands, crabbed, anxious, and difficult. The project remains the same, but the path is suddenly littered with problems.

Nietzsche read Emerson, and admired him, for his style especially. Well he might. Nietzsche's is dazzling, explosive, terse. It is also chopped-up, jerky. It *looks* different in print. Instead of Emerson's long paragraphs, square and steady as fields, Nietzsche rakes us with numbered sections, two or three or four to a page. They bristle with ellipses, dashes, italics, exclamation points; also with arguments, allusions, quotations, jokes—some of them funny, but even a funny joke may be a sign of unease.

Nietzsche, in short, was nervous. He had plenty to be nervous about. History, for starters. The past is not merely an annoyance which the unintelligent use to browbeat themselves and their betters, but a conditioning force of enormous power. You are of your moment, which is different from all other moments. It is not even useful to ask, with Emerson, whether Alfred or Scanderbeg or whoever has used up virtue, since for them and for you, "virtue" means entirely different things.

One of the most vivid expressions of the moment, and hence another disturber of Nietzsche's peace, is culture. Emerson's praises of art, even of his own, are warm but vague. Nietzsche is agonizingly alive to every nuance. "The 'good old' time is past, it sang itself out in Mozart—how happy are *we* that his rococo still speaks to us, that his 'good company,' his tender enthusiasm, his childish delight in the Chinese and in flourishes, his courtesy of heart, his longing for the elegant, the amorous, the tripping, the tearful, and his belief in the South, can still appeal to *something left* in us!" In him, the world lost to philosophy and syphilis a first-rate music reviewer.

Religion gets the same fervid treatment. No gentle co-opting of Jesus here; only railing and raving will do against such an enemy. Nothing can be gentle for Nietzsche, because the task has become so problematic. He strains at motes where Emerson blinks at timbers.

Freud's contribution to the quest for self-realization was to notice a bigger obstacle still: before you hit history or religion, you run into your parents. You will find their shores soon enough, but you won't care not if you never see them again. In Freud's prose, anger and excitement are left behind; beyond the pleasure of discovery and the desire to help (and some less attractive traits, such as a tyrannical willfulness), the mood is a little stoic, a little autumnal. He has abandoned, or never even considered, the idea of being as God; in his last years, he virtually gives up on the possibility of being happy. But one aspect of the old goal persists: to control your life, because that is the most important thing there is, and there is no one else worthy of doing it for you. "Where id was, there ego [*das Ich*—the I] shall be. It is a work of culture, not unlike the draining of the Zuider Zee."

Boston, where Emerson preached, built its first churches in the seventeenth century. Basel, where Nietzsche taught, became an episcopal see in the fifth. Experience lies on Europe like compost. Only Europeans could have noticed, much less wrestled with, all the implications Nietzsche and Freud did. Only an American could have had a vision as clear as Emerson's.

THE STEADY ACCRETION of reservations between *Nature* (1836) and the *New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis* (1933) suggests a task so difficult that it's not worth doing. Perhaps it's better—certainly it would be easier—to give up and live the unexamined life.

To the extent that Freud and Nietzsche closed the American mind, they were able to do so largely because forgotten Emerson opened the wrong door. It is not necessary in any case to scrap Emerson and the Germans entirely. You may not be able to do all the things Emerson says you can, but in the doing of only one thing his advice is often psychologically acute. The very obstacles Nietzsche finds in the path to radical fulfillment make him, paradoxically, more useful to those of us who choose not to pursue it; the obstacles studied by Freud, the applied philosopher, make him most useful of all. But if we keep our ears open, the challenge they offer will continue to nag and offend. Without it, Emerson would be a kind of Benjamin Franklin, Nietzsche a James Huneker, Freud a neurologist or an Arthur Schnitzler—amusing, interesting, unthreatening. With it, they menace more than the American mind. □

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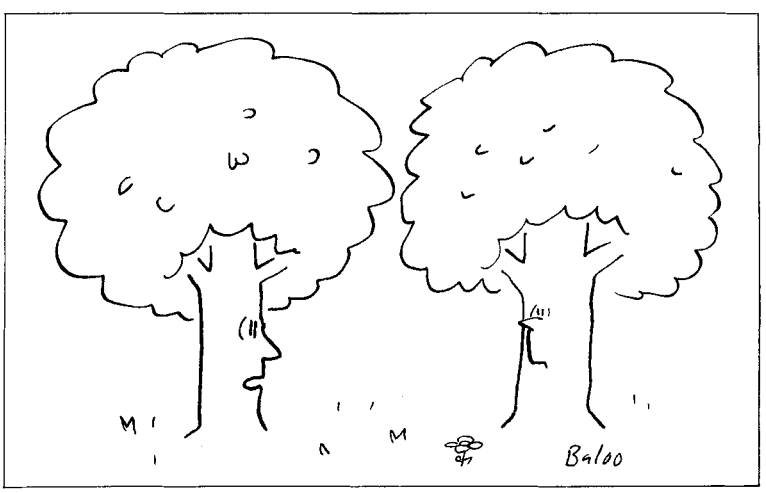
help !!!!

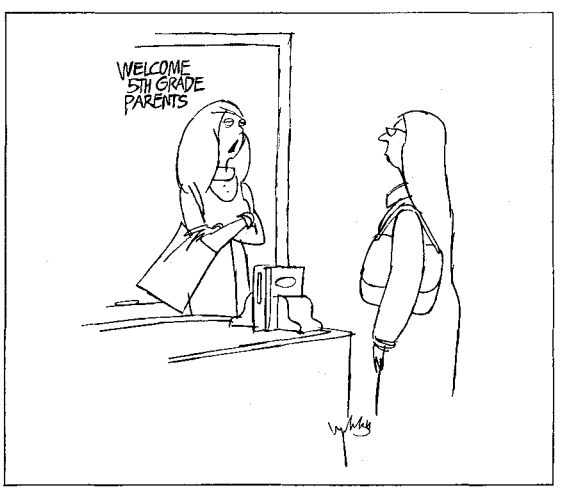
Governor Cuomo's World View

Nothing's either black or white:
  Only shades of grey.
When the Soviets indict
  What our leaders say,
Patience at the table has
  Always helped us to
Chug-a-lug together as
  Coke and Pepsi do.

W. H. von Dreele



"I think I'm hooked on acid rain!"



"So you're Attila the Hun's mother."

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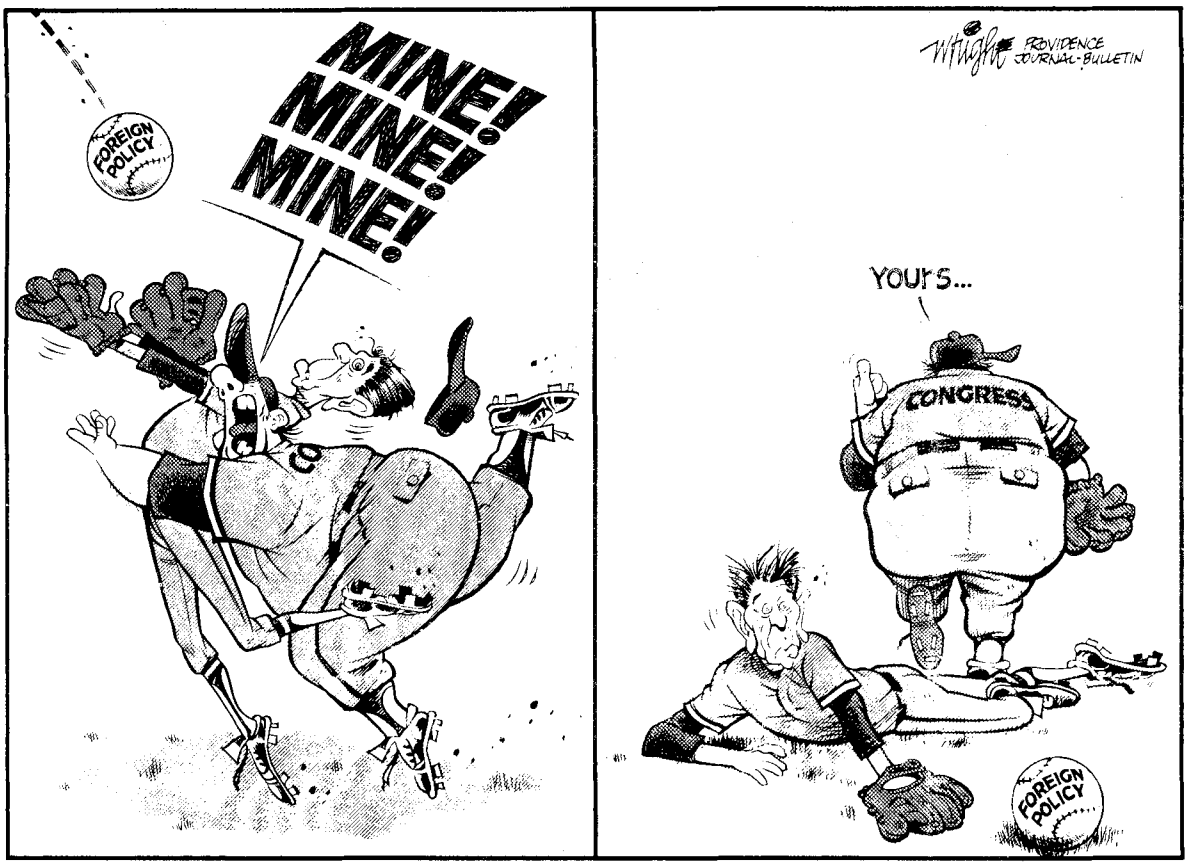

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SALAD BOWL OR MELTING POT?

Donald L. Huddle

The Hispanics in the United States: A History, by Lewis H. Gann and Peter J. Duignan (Hoover Institution, 300 pp., $28.50)

THIS IS a major, though flawed, work by two senior fellows at the Hoover Institution. The second half, which attempts to assess immigration policy and contemporary Hispanic life in America, is too often based on opinion and half-digested facts. However, the first half, which chronicles the history of Hispanic groups in the United States, successfully fills a gap in the literature, providing the first coherent picture of the emergence of America's fastest-growing minority. The emphasis is on Mexican-origin groups, which comprise two-thirds of all Hispanics in the U.S., followed by Puerto Ricans and Cubans. The authors present only generalized facts about the less numerous Central and South American groups.

The reader will encounter well-synthesized materials on the Mexican mass migration, the Depression, and World War II. The U.S. border was an open, porous one until the Depression hit and labor supply greatly exceeded demand. Then, suddenly, illegals were subjected to discrimination, harassment, and inducements to leave the United States. The authors state that more than 415,000 illegals were "repatriated" between 1929 and 1935—by far the largest number of aliens ever forced to leave the United States.

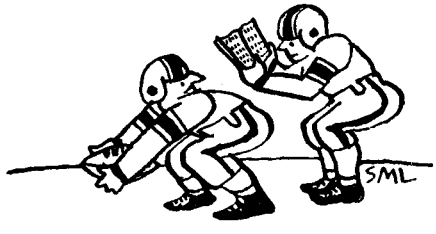
Employers have continued to blow hot and cold over the years, actively recruiting illegals when labor was in short supply and then laying them off when times turned bad. Local officials have typically encouraged repatriation by cutting off welfare and other benefits following job layoffs. Latent fears among Hispanics, stirred up by the deportations following the end of the *bracero* program in the 1950s, emerged again during the debates on the Simpson-Rodino bill in Congress last year.

Gann and Duignan, considering the policy options and the arguments over the benefits and costs of easy immigration, wind up rejecting the meat of Simpson-Rodino. They take it as their premise that the naturalization of aliens should *not* be made more difficult, on the grounds that the opportunity to become an American citizen is a proud tradition and one that prevents "the emergence of hostility between immigrants and the native-born." At the same time the authors oppose both amnesty and employer sanctions because a) they do not believe that these policies can possibly work and b) they fear that these policies will create more discrimination against Hispanics. They also adamantly oppose, for civil-libertarian reasons, any national identification system.

This brings us to what is probably the authors' main theme: simply put, that Hispanic immigrants and their descendants are much like other immigrant groups in America. They are doing reasonably well economically (especially the Cubans). Legal or not, they meet labor-market needs and, according to available field studies, apparently contribute more as taxpayers than they consume in social services. To be sure, the authors acknowledge that Hispanic immigrants are slow to enter the cultural mainstream, and that too many Puerto Rican immigrants are on welfare, but Hispanics are getting there, even if it takes three generations or more compared to, say, one generation for present-day Japanese immigrants.

What then should be done about immigration, legal and illegal? Gann and Duignan adopt a proposal earlier put forward by Cafferty and McCready in their book *Hispanics in the United States*: that an immigration tax, amounting to about 5 per cent of their earned income, ought to be imposed in addition to federal income tax on all immigrants, including temporary sojourners. Gann and Duignan also recommend an annual immigration quota, but with no limit on admitting close relatives of citizens. The authors would require that citizen-sponsors guarantee financial support and medical insurance for their relatives. A point system would be established giving credit for attributes that enhance a newcomer's productivity in the U.S.—schooling, vocational training, knowledge of English, personal means. A computerized system would check visa numbers as visitors leave the country.

Some of the above proposals have merit. For instance, more attention should indeed be paid to productivity and the dependency rates of immigrants. However, Gann and Duignan's suggested methods of dealing with such problems are not obviously better than those in Simpson-Rodino.



M. E. Bradford is a professor of English at the University of Dallas in Irving, Texas.

Donald L. Huddle is a professor of economics at Rice University in Houston, Texas.

Wayne Lutton, research director for The Summit, Manitou Springs, Colorado, was recently invited to testify before the House Select Committee on Children, Youth, and the Family.

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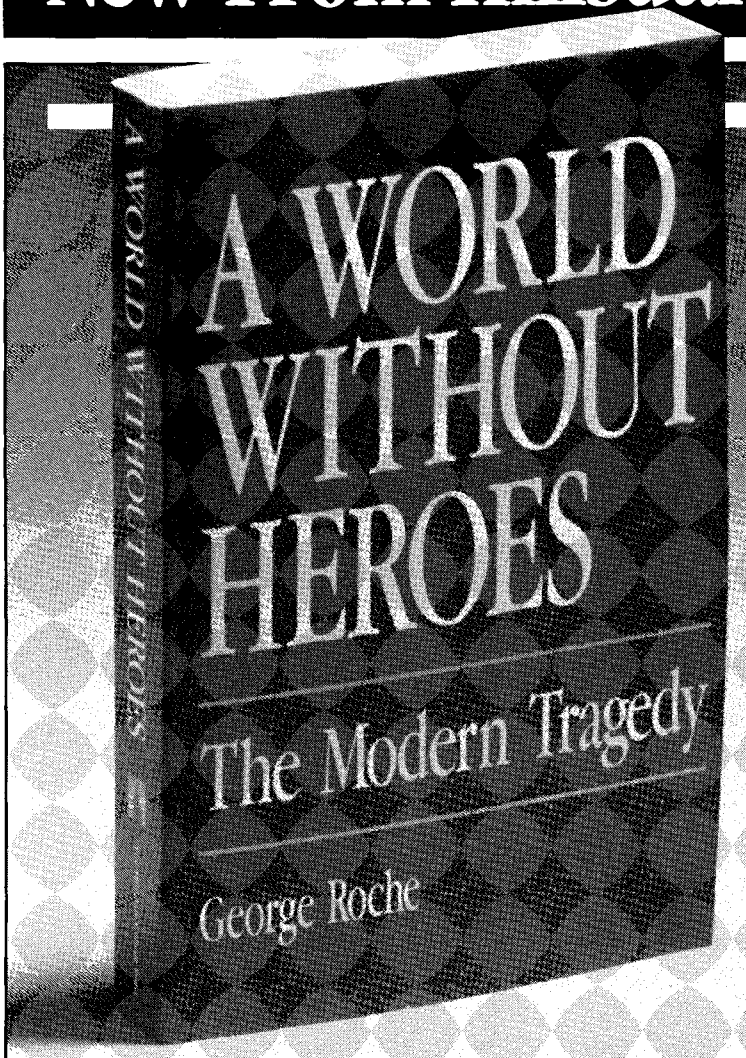
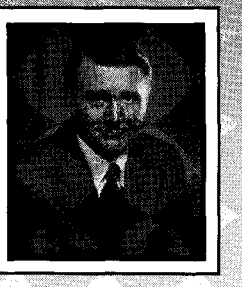


A World Without Heroes

The Modern Tragedy

By George Roche

Foreword By Russell Kirk



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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More October Titles: *The Velvet Prison: Artists under State Socialism* (Basic/New Republic, $14.95), by Miklós Haraszti, translated by Katalin and Stephen Landesmann, and with a foreword by George Konrad, argues that censorship, in the satellite countries of Eastern Europe, is no longer strictly maintained by government agencies but is rather the result of a system of state professional, artistic, and patronage associations observing unspoken taboos and employing insidious forms of self-censorship destructive to spontaneous creative work.

The Douglas Letters: Selections from the Private Papers of Justice William O. Douglas (Adler & Adler/Harper & Row, $24.95), edited and with an introduction by Melvin I. Urofsky, presents the liberal Justice and unorthodox citizen reflecting and commenting upon matters pertaining to teaching, the Supreme Court and the politics of the judiciary, the Great Outdoors, his family, and many other subjects.

In *Delivered from Evil: The Saga of World War II* (Harper & Row, $29.95), Robert Leckie (author of *The Wars of America*) describes, in a well-integrated narrative of 913 pages, the political and strategic events leading up to the war, its prosecution by the Allied and Axis leaders, and the experiences of the men who fought it out in its various theaters.

Newspaper Row: Journalism in the Pre-Television Era (Globe-Pequot, $16.95), by Herbert A. Kenny, is a well-written, informative, and most interesting history of the *Boston Post* as well as, to a lesser extent, the *Globe*, the *Transcript*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*. Kenny himself worked as a reporter and editor for the *Post*—in 1924 the paper's circulation reached over 600,000, then the greatest in America—for almost a quarter of a century, before moving on to the *Globe*.

Drylands: The Deserts of North America (Yolla Bolly Press/Harcourt Brace, $59.95), photographs and text by Philip Hyde, with an introduction by David Rains Wallace and drawings by Vincent Lopez, is a magnificent volume embracing thirty years of travel and photography in the Painted, Great Basin, Mojave, Sonoran, and Chihuahuan Deserts. —CW

Without substantial new funding for the Department of Labor, the Internal Revenue Service, and the Immigration Service, laws regarding minimum wages, safety, workmen's compensation, and tax withholding will continue to be violated, while employers continue to hire and exploit illegals at the expense of the unemployed and the U.S. taxpayer. But new funding is not granted, either because of the imperative to tighten the federal budget, or perhaps because those in power don't really want a tight, well-run program.

The book also contains specific shortcomings. One is the largely superficial evaluation of the Mexican immigrants' impact on U.S. labor markets, and of their present and historic effect on strikes, wage levels, union movements, and decent working and housing conditions. Nor does the Gann-Duignan study fully analyze the seemingly endless entitlement claims on the U.S. by Hispanic immigrants. Their demands for compensatory treatment set them apart from other immigrant groups. Consider the following demands: bicultural and bilingual education in public schools; use of the Spanish language in courts, government agencies, and voting booths; open borders; restoration of Spanish and Mexican land grants (tax-free, of course); affirmative-action appointments in accordance not with ability, but with the demographic weight of Hispanics, including illegals.

Essentially we have in this book an armchair dissertation, which, although it sporadically incorporates the results of controversial studies, never really integrates these into its final synthesis and conclusions. The authors tend to ignore what worries most Americans as they contemplate millions of amnestied Hispanics sending for even more Hispanic relatives from south of the border: to wit, the emerging conflict between the tax-supported salad-bowl ideology and the traditional American concept of the melting pot. All in all, the authors resolutely pursue their primary purpose: "We have endeavored in our work to establish a continuity in the history of immigration to the United States" (notwithstanding any facts to the contrary, one might add). "We cannot share the pessimism that infuses so much of the Hispanics' literary image."

In all fairness, I must add that serious research on Hispanic groups is a comparatively recent phenomenon: it was far less advanced even while the authors were writing than it is now. While this makes a general assessment a tall order, it also makes a thoroughgoing synthesis even more of a necessity. Despite the shortcomings, however, Gann and Duignan have produced an informative book. Civic and political leaders, while keeping in mind the caveats mentioned above, should read it. ☐

SAVING THE GREAT SOCIETY

Wayne Lutton

The Birth Dearth, by Ben Wattenberg (Pharos Books, 182 pp., $16.95)

Nearly twenty years ago, the biologist Paul Ehrlich wrote a book, *The Population Bomb*, which argued that mankind's future was endangered by overpopulation. Ehrlich's book led, at least indirectly, to efforts in this country and elsewhere to limit population growth through various government-sponsored programs, including tax-supported abortions. Now Ben Wattenberg, in *The Birth Dearth*, wants to employ the power of big government to encourage people to have more babies.

Wattenberg, a professional optimist long associated with the American Enterprise Institute, believes that the future of the West in general—and America in particular—is threatened by the failure of middle- and upper-middle-class people to raise enough children. He confesses that "it scares the hell out of me" when he considers that "fertility has been falling in most of the Western world for more than a century." If present trends continue, he warns, by the end of the next century the "free, modern world" will contain only 5 per cent of the global population, down from approximately 15 per cent today. Another 5 per cent will be living in the Communist bloc. The Third World will account for fully 90 per cent of the earth's population.

There is, admittedly, a certain specious logic to Wattenberg's arguments. Westerners, along with the Japanese and the Israelis, are undoubtedly outnumbered by the inhabitants of the less-developed and never-to-be-devel-

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oped portions of our planet. But this has always been the case. (Even Wattenberg cautions "that it may well be that the current fertility rates are not an 'aberration,' but 'normal.'") As Paul Gottfried has remarked elsewhere (cf. "Notes on Neoconservatism," *The World & I*, September 1986), Wattenberg tends to view history as "the bad old times." His lack of understanding of the past leads him to misread what is wrong now.

From Wattenberg's perspective, high rates of population growth have been "associated almost invariably" with Western economic success and have thus contributed to the West's predominance in world affairs. Yet Western man has always constituted a minority of the earth's population. It has been the West's unique ability to combine inventiveness with the widespread application of technology that has enabled Western man to exploit resources and foster national power. This particular talent is well illustrated by Robert Clive's victory at Plassey in 1757, where 784 European soldiers, along with 2,100 Indian auxiliaries trained and equipped according to European methods, routed the fifty thousand troops of the Nawab of Bengal. This led to the British conquest of the rest of the Indian subcontinent and, for a span of nearly two hundred years, Western domination of the rest of the Orient. And there are no indications that the West, Japan, and Israel are in danger of losing their technological lead.

What really sems to trouble Wattenberg is that the New Deal/Great Society world of the "mixed economy" supporting a "benevolent" welfare state depends on growing numbers of productive, middle-class "milk cows" to keep it running. He actually says that if the myriad statist welfare programs were someday eliminated, the United States "would not be a country I would choose to live in." And, as "a lifelong admirer and booster of Social Security," he opposes the establishment of a fully funded private pension system, preferring instead the current "pay as you go" method that requires ever higher taxes—and/or a growing number of taxpayers—to defray future outlays. In fact, "The *Birth Dearth* thesis confirms what conservative economists have said for years," observes Robert McBurney Jr. of Baylor University's Hankamer School of Business, "namely the fact that Social Security is a terminally ill Ponzi scheme. It is probably the greatest financial fraud ever inflicted on a people by their government."

Two chapters are devoted to outlining various "Remedies" and "Practical Plans" to avert at least some of the consequences of the "Birth Dearth." Of course, if the 1.6 million babies who are aborted every year in this country were permitted to be born, the perceived birth shortfall would be eliminated. However, pro-life activists should take note that, in friendly Ben's view, "the illegalization of abortion should be ruled out as a means to try to raise fertility."

What, then, is to be done? Following an intensive propaganda campaign aimed at convincing the economically

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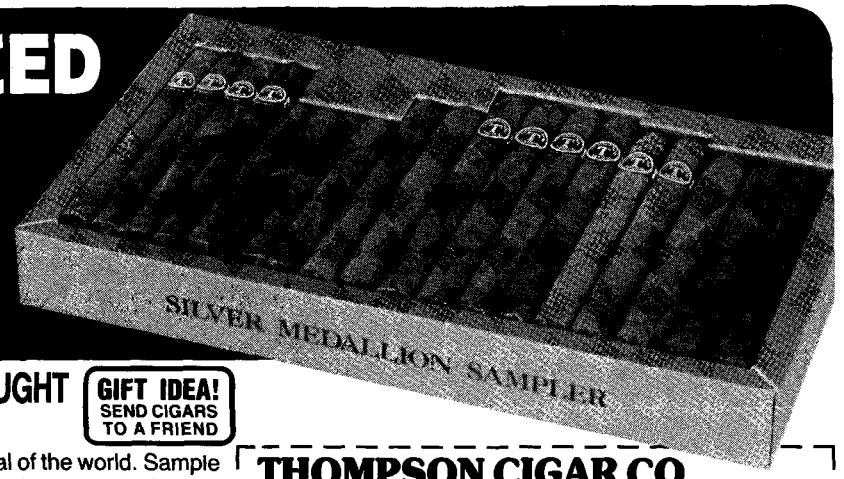

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productive that they have a patriotic duty to bear more babies, Wattenberg would have the U.S. Government emulate Soviet-bloc "pro-natalist" policies; fiddle with the tax code to encourage third and fourth children; raise taxes; forgive college loans to students who have babies after graduation; urge private business to grant liberal maternity leave; push for higher levels of legal immigration. Wattenberg concedes that "no matter how you cut it, this is a very expensive program, adding up to annual expenditures of hundreds of billions of dollars over time." Lest you get a bit faint-hearted as Ben reaches for your wallet, he asks you to "remember what we're trying to do: prop up the West, keep the American economy vigorous, and diminish human unhappiness. Let's pay for it if we have to."

Children undoubtedly represent the future of any society, and there are many good reasons why young American couples may wish to have larger families. Trying to save the Great Society isn't one of them. □

SCOURGE OF DEEP THINKERS

Joseph Sobran

Compassion versus Guilt and Other Essays, by Thomas Sowell (Morrow, 246 pp., $15.95)

COMPASSION VERSUS GUILT is a collection of Thomas Sowell's syndicated columns. He's a grouch. That's the first thing to be said about him. His lip curls at the mention of "compassion." He sneers relentlessly at "deep thinkers." He complains that "bums" have been sanctified as "the homeless."

The tone gets a little wearing over the length of a book, but it's an effective device for a given column, breaking up the civic-minded drone of the op-ed page. Besides, Sowell doesn't just gripe; he gives reasons, and does it as penetratingly as anyone else in the business. Every column contains morsels of fact clustering around an insight. It wakes you up in the morning like a cup of black coffee.

Sowell's persona is a put-upon Everyman, beset by liberal "experts" who find countless excuses for taking his earnings. His grumpiness gives an instant emotional focus to his philosophy and results in pointed, energetic sentences. Have a few samples:

—"If we don't understand that every government giveaway is a takeaway from somebody else, we can end up falling for every sob story that comes along."

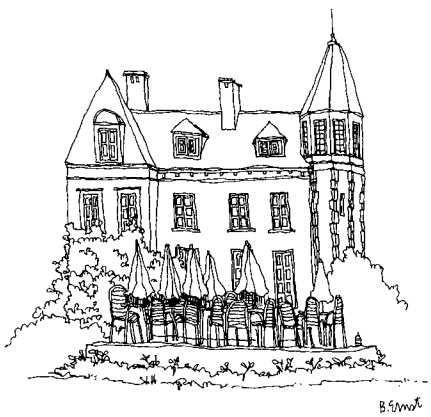
—"Not even someone as liberal as Tom Wicker can claim that the hungry and the destitute are commuting on Amtrak."

—"Policies are judged by their consequences but crusades are judged by how good they make the crusaders feel."

—"If the only societies that can morally defend themselves are those with no abuses or injustices, then we may as well throw in the towel and tell the Soviets to take it all."

Sowell marvels at the well-heeled panhandlers who are now appearing in the big cities: "How these young, middle-class people get the *nerve* to ask a black man (whose mother was a maid) for money is beyond me." The difference between Communist and other dictatorships "is the difference between an infectious and a non-infectious disease. That's a big difference to people who value their health." He has a blunt way of bringing issues to a sharp point: "Ultimately there is no solution [to terrorist kidnappings], but only a painful tradeoff, between today's hostage and tomorrow's hostages, who will be seized if today's hostage is ransomed."

Ratios fascinate him, and his colloquial way serves him well when he uses math to make his points: "What is smaller than Los Angeles and yet imports and exports more than India?" (Hong Kong, believe it or not.) Against presumptive "patterns of discrimination," he cites the fact that black players won the National League's Most Valuable Player award for seven straight years: "Given the racial makeup of the United States, the odds against that happening by random chance are more than 600,000 to 1."



On sex discrimination: "People who go around saying that women are paid only 59 per cent of what men get are in effect saying that employers could cut their labor costs 41 per cent, just by hiring women instead of men. If that were true, there wouldn't be an unemployed woman in America—or an employed man." He notes that from ninth grade on, girls tend to avoid math courses. What follows? "People may speak mystically of the need for 'role models' or wax indignant about employer discrimination. But the cold fact is that serious study of mathematics, science, engineering, or economics is off-limits to most young women by the time they set foot on a college campus." Sowell is observant about things like that, which get left out of ideological reasoning about causes. The facts and statistics he cites about subsidies and professors' salaries should get this book banned on most campuses. And in the just-as-I've-always-suspected department: "Any insurance company that had the same benefits, premiums, and reserves as the Social Security system would be shut down by court order and its managers led away in handcuffs to face charges of fraud."

The sarcasm is leavened by several downright funny pieces, like one about an imaginary Reagan press conference and another about how to tell if you're getting old. (E.g., "If you can remember when the leading basketball stars were Jewish, then you should take the elevator instead of walking up the stairs.") The best of these is "A Political Glossary," wherein we learn that "bilingual" means "unable to speak English," and "non-judgmental" means "blaming society." Some of Sowell's definitions come in pairs. "Compassion" is "the use of tax money to buy votes." "Insensitivity" means "objections to the use of tax money to buy votes." A "people's republic" is "a place where you do what you are told or get shot"; "national liberation movements" are "organizations trying to create people's republics."

Dry humor is never far off even

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when Sowell is at his most cantankerous, but his column would gain if he cut loose with that sense of fun more often, because it really is fun. This review was slightly delayed while I read a few passages aloud to friends; not a routine occurrence in this business.

Still, his great gift is for sizing up the sort of idea that's suitable for a column-length rebuttal and long overdue for it. Any columnist can tell you something you didn't already know. What's rarer is the knack for making you realize what you should have known already. Sowell makes it seem so easy, but he leaves the impression that we live in a world where most of the thinking is done by the sophists. I hate to think it's quite that bad. But then again, I guess I do. □

MIDWAY IN THE JOURNEY

M. E. Bradford

Desert Light, by Chilton Williamson Jr. (St. Martin's, 240 pp., $15.95)

IN THE classic stories of the American West, the region signifies not only place but also a psychological or moral condition. The West is the central symbol in a typology whose subject is individual freedom outside the social context: freedom as a joy and a danger. From Theodore Roosevelt in *The Winning of the West* to the young Eastern lawyer Ransom Stoddard in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, the pilgrimage of the hero is a labor of self-rejuvenation and self-discovery, a distancing from the tame and artificial circumstances that may conceal the essential characteristics of the human condition, including the fact that all social order rests finally on someone's readiness to enforce its sense of justice "with a pistol in his hand." The action of these narratives is often the pacification by the hero—as the Deerslayer, the Virginian, or Shane—of some state of nature. His achievement is usually violent—both a cause for admiration and for distance, separating him from the neighbors whom he protects—"settlers" who do not wish to recognize honestly the costs of civilizing a wild place. But it is also a moment of personal fulfillment and transcendence—of a competence beyond formal, tepid boundaries of "law" that takes away tentativeness, cynicism, and the danger of spiritual paralysis.

Chilton Williamson Jr.'s forceful and dramatic *Desert Light*, the story of a New York attorney who has "run away" to Wyoming, is a fiction in this great tradition. After extricating a rapist from the rightful and well-deserved consequences of his crime "so he could hotwire a car and kill an innocent man," Caleb "Chuck" Richardson recovers his freedom from a Wall Street law practice, a bad marriage, the East Side Democratic Club, and a meaningless routine of privilege and pleasure, leaving behind that country of "iron skies and brazen earth." But he eventually discovers that flight and liberty are not enough. For the Furies have followed him to Fontennelle, a small town on the high-desert plateau two hundred miles south of Jackson and the Valley of the Tetons—a place where Chuck runs a forty-acre horse ranch and tar-roofing business and practices the rituals requisite to assimilation into his Wyoming milieu.

With the Furies and some out-of-place family Chippendales, Richardson has also brought along a taste for strong spirits and a weakness for sad stories—a hunger for the world as it appears in the moral melodramas of the great operas, though even while in the East "he could not convince himself that life really was like that." His life in Wyoming he tries to keep simple. Yet he only pretends a radical liberation from social definition. For Chuck Richardson—despite the snarling rage and irony with which he smothers any calculated posturing—is a "knight-errant," a "crusader." His cynical pose is self-protective—even when he agrees to oblige his friend Hal Pearce by returning to the practice of law. And therefore, when called upon by Jenny Petersen (whom he was scheduled to prosecute) to defend her against a charge of complicity in two senseless murders, he proves "susceptible."

As (in his own view) party to the crimes of LeRoy Jackson, the black protégé of his wife's liberal friends, Chuck sees something with which he can identify in the terrible difficulties brought upon Jenny by her own stubborn innocence, her unwillingness to

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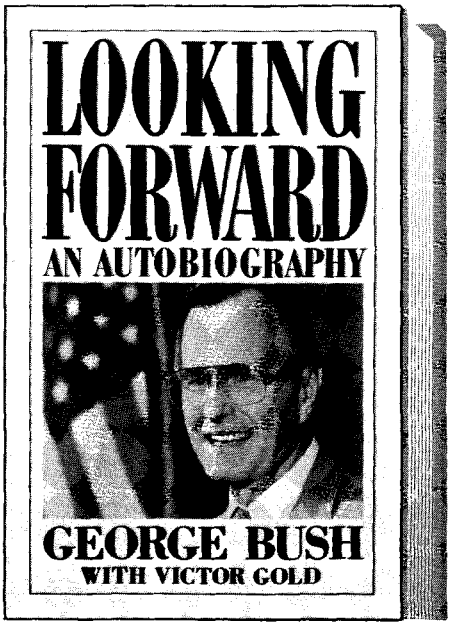
Doubleday



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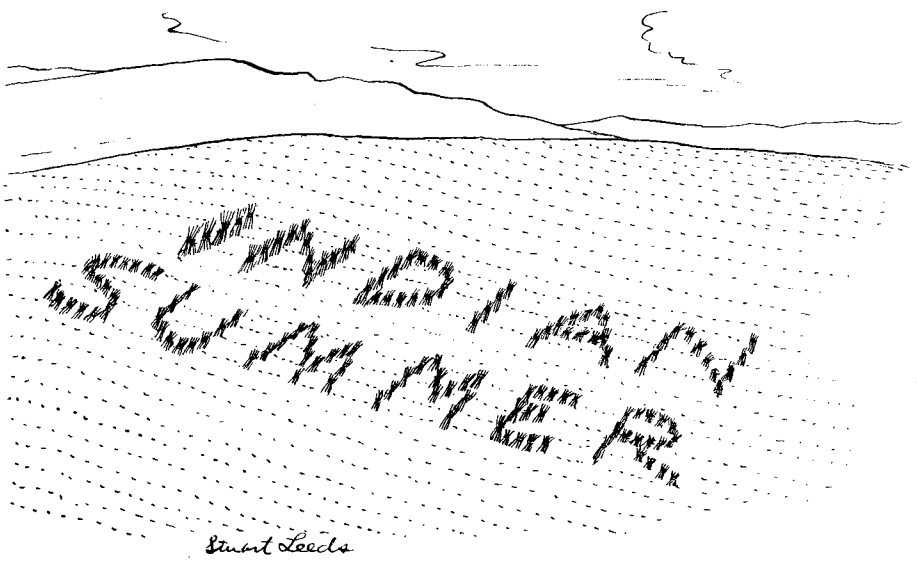
recognize the possibility of evil. So Jenny's middle name, Grace, is to be taken seriously. Yet, as she anticipates after visiting with Richardson and reading agony in his rugged features, it will not be a grace that works in one direction only. Her cry for help is therefore of a strange sort —made as much for his sake as for her own.

However well we understand his motives, it is still a little surprising how quickly Richardson accepts the role of Jenny's protector; and also surprising that she asks him to play that part. That is, unless we listen closely to his story of life in the East; and heed Jenny's tale of her vagabond life and how she came to witness the killing of two harmless women. Chuck's relationship with Jenny is impractical, romantic, and, without too much delay, sexual. But it is also much more, as he risks his life to defend hers, and she is ready to die for him. In a process that could easily seem comic in a man of forty, under circumstances that could amuse any sensible girl of 21, the lawyer/cynic is transformed. As Chuck thinks of his role in the drama, his sense of irony erupts now and then. But as his desperation and escapism abate, so does his dread of responsibility. And before the novel ends, he feels "a sudden access of something like peace," reflecting, as he accepts Jenny and the child she carries as a permanent part of his life, on the spectacle of all human effort seen against a backdrop of the vast Western wilderness. Believing in Jenny, Chuck tells himself, is an act of faith, "a little like believing in God."

Inside the character of its protagonist, *Desert Light* is a contemporary reprise of Dante's *Commedia*. The form may be modern, but the book retells that oldest of Christian stories—of sin and redemption. The author's epigraph from the first canto of "The Inferno" is thus a clear suggestion of what he is about. For the pattern of the novel is of that other kind of pilgrimage in which the West signifies primarily as discipline, peeling away delusion by enforcing reminders of human finitude, of the terror of isolation and the predatory potential of our species. In this pilgrimage the middle-aged wanderer recovers his vocation in acting for another who is dependent upon his compassion and skill. He searches westward internally, following the light and avoiding the dark abyss —an image that recurs throughout. Indeed, allusions to Dante and to assorted works of modern literature are a part of the texture. Willie Munger, the cold-blooded killer who has drawn Jenny into the depths of corruption and who is killed by Richardson when he threatens her once again, reminds us of Flannery O'Connor's misfit in "A Good Man Is Hard to Find." And there is much more—especially in the language of religion that surrounds Richardson and Jenny.

This novel would perhaps be better realized if we knew in greater detail the motivations the major characters bring with them. And although the second half of the book is more impressive than the first, its conclusion is somewhat abrupt. Yet Mr. Williamson is a writer who has studied his craft and knows it as he knows Wyoming. He works consciously within all his traditions, invoking them to tell us a compelling story that also summarizes a portion of his place and time. In *Desert Light* the protagonist has rediscovered that "salvation, if it exists at all, is a personal thing"—that you can't save people as a group. And Chuck Richardson has demonstrated that truth before we are finished with his adventures. He has yet to face a series of legal and personal problems. Jenny is still on her way to trial and Willie Munger's death must be justified. But none of these obstacles matter. The important issues are settled within himself. With self-assurance and a kind of equanimity, he looks forward to "growing up with the country." The night sky spread over his head seems, as it did to that other pilgrim seven hundred years before, more friendly than remote. Amidst this shimmering darkness, he can find his way. □



DELECTATIONS

IN JUDGMENT

Nika Hazelton

YOUR INCORRUPTIBLE judges have met and judged, wrapped in a cloak of unflinching rectitude, and have come up with the winners of the 1987 Delectations contest. Contestants were asked to submit conversation-opening sentences, gambits to break the awful silence that all too often descends on two people sitting or standing next to each other for any length of time. Contestants were to submit a minimum of two conversation starters per entry.

First of all, I wish to thank the hundreds of *NR* readers who responded to the challenge. The wistfulness of so many of the letters shows that far too many of us have found ourselves in that awful predicament far too often. Also, I would like to say that it was wonderful to find *NR* readers so very diverse in their approach to the contest. Congratulations to all and sundry!

The incorruptibles chose, from the sea of entries, a troika of winners, each of whom will receive a handsome mug, to drink from or to keep

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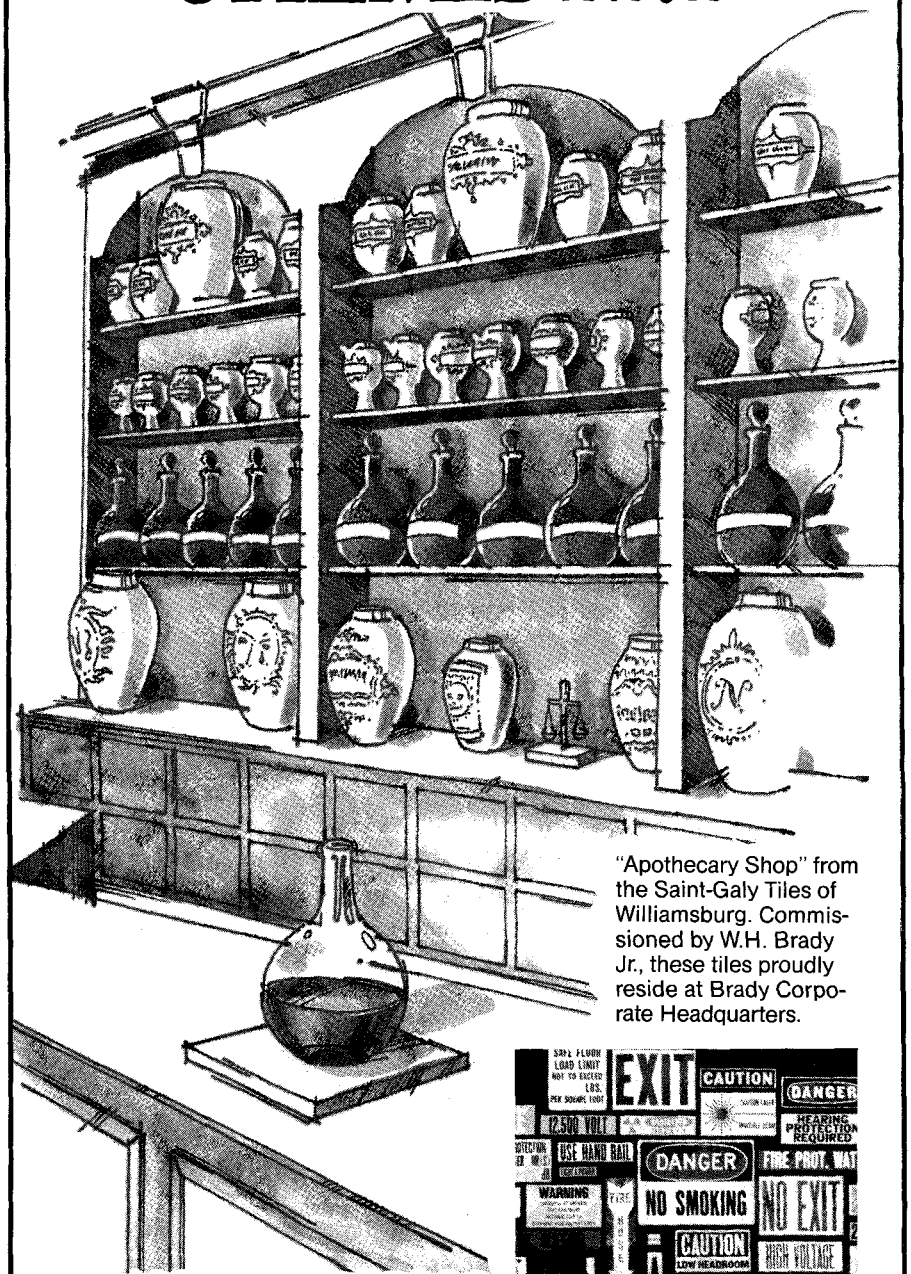
pencils in, according to the owner's disposition. Here they are, in alphabetical order:

David W. Carter of Miami, Fla., scored with: "Do you consider good table manners an aspect of culture or of civilization?"; "If Gutenberg had invented basketball instead of a printing machine, would we now be extolling freedom of the full court press?"; "If there were a lost chord, do you think it would be harmonic or dissonant?" Walter C. Childs of Bryn Athyn, Pa., asks: "Do you think hot water makes a different sound from cold water running from the faucet?"; "Does ice melt faster in gin than in vodka?"; and "How does a thermos bottle know whether to keep things hot or cold?" Finally, Auburn J. Lamb of Silver Spring, Md., is a winner with: "If you got a blot on your escutcheon, how would you go about getting it out?"; "If aeroplanes are kept in aerodromes, are sins kept in syndromes?"; and "What if I told you a human soul weighs 21 grams? Would you have any idea of how the weight was calculated?" The Booby Prize—a novel about aborigine life with a truly disgusting insect depicted on the cover—goes to Vincent Benedict Jr. of Ardmore, Pa., for his terrible entries such as: "You have beautiful teeth! Are they yours?" I will spare you the others, but a triple *pfui!* for the perpetrator of such horrors.

Honorable mentions go to the following: "Is a slim chance really the same thing as a fat chance?" asks Bill Fuller (Pasadena, Calif.), while Neal S. Frederiksen (St. Louis, Mo.) wants to know: "Why do you suppose it is always easier to fold up a road map some other way?" James B. Fox (Laguna Niguel, Calif.) wonders: "How high is up?" Vincent Allen (Melbourne Beach, Fla.) wants to know: "What do you think an aerobics program would have done for Lizzie Borden?" Ralph Brancaccio, (Vernon, Conn.), opens with: "Say something in Algebra."

Here are Mrs. Frederic W. Heineman (Phoenix, Ariz.) with: "Have you ever tried jumping rope on a water bed?"; Mrs. Theodore W. Wood (Sherborn, Mass.) with: "Do you think the spoken word is still traveling in space?"; Patricia Summerside (Pierre, S.D.): "Does evolution contradict entropy?"; Rev. M. J. Ferran (Farmington, Ill.) to a nervous airplane seat-

CHEMISTRY



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mate: "Have you ever bailed out of one of these? (I have—honest injun!)"; John Hutchinson (Los Angeles, Calif.): "The wine vinegar was audacious, don't you think?"; Jed L. Babbin (Arlington, Va.): "If you were a book, what would your title be?"; Robert A. Ryan (Cincinnati, Ohio): "Wasn't it terrible what happened to Marie Antoinette?"; and Karl F. Oles (Seattle, Wash.): "What would Peter Paul Rubens have said about *nouvelle cuisine*?"

And here is yet another round: From Lloyd N. Popish (Sunnyvale, Calif.): "Where does the white of the snow go when the snow melts?"; Lawrence Person (Austin, Tex.): "If you had to be one or the other, would you rather be superfluous or obsolete?"; Andrew B. Burns (Stamford, Conn.): "Would it really be dangerous for a giraffe to play the harmonica?"; Andrew J. Turnbull (Epsom, N.H.): "If every person on earth jumped into the air at the same moment, would the earth be thrown out of orbit?"; Ruth P. Ogden (Ithaca, N.Y.): "If you were asked to design a new animal, what would it look like?"

From Tamara S. Dahling (Decatur, Ind.): "I have frequently been told that I possess a mass murderer's sort of face. What is *your* opinion?"; James C. Spurlock (Franklin, Ohio): "Does your reach exceed your grasp, either literally or figuratively?"; Buddy Matthews (Dallas, Tex.): "Is an ambitious person more like a hammer or a screwdriver?"; Selma Ellis (Glenview, Ill.): "Black coffee tastes awful. But it does make a statement"; Michael Moore (Alexandria, Va.): "Hi, I design rabbit slippers. What's your occupation?"; and Kerry Joseph Joyce (Burlington, Mass.): "Can oxymorons exist in a vacuum?" Russell A. Landgrabe (Pensacola, Fla.) says: "I like your shoes. Did you iron them yourself?"; Hector Hammerly (Vancouver, B.C.): "Would you say extroverts speak Urdu better or worse than introverts?"; Dean Smith (Pewaukee, Wisc.): "Would you know how to say uncommunicative in sign language?" Betty Yarbrough (Ashland, Ore.) wonders: "If all the mountains were flattened, would the earth have a larger circumference?"

Kathleen McCrorey (Colorado Springs, Colo.) wants to know: "If someone phoned and said he/she had just got up the courage to tell you that

he/she loved you, would you be inclined to ask who it was?"; Thomas Letchfield (Northridge, Calif.): "Have you ever thought about what would happen if water flowed uphill?"; Kathleen Popish (Sunnyvale, Calif.): "Do you think black holes would be more universally acceptable if they had been done in brighter colors?" Michael Lindner (New York, N.Y.) is sure of his conversation starter: "What are your views on continental drift? Do you favor keeping America in the Western Hemisphere?"

Finally, let me throw my own icebreaker into the fray, though two of the incorruptible judges thought it . . . well, not quite right: "Is it better to be faithful but not constant, or to be constant but not faithful?"

Thanks again, dear contestants, and love from Nika. □

THE GIMLET EYE

HOMELESS IN NEW YORK

D. Keith Mano

OF THE HOMELESS it can be said that no urban predicament has been so thoroughly injected with despair. Christ's admonition, after all, was rather too absolute: console and sustain thy neighbor, where "neighbor" is construed in the widest sense. Take this as axiomatic: when the gap between ideal and possible is overlarge, ethical systems break down. In New York a literalist Samaritan who left his home to buy cat food would be paralyzed by virtue before he went one block. Conscience, done in by numbers, has become a scofflaw. There is demoralization: even guilt collapses. And the needy receive a discharge of bitterness which can aggravate their condition further. That "certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho," where the Samaritan found him, but doing mitzvahs was easier then. A *welfare inn cost less than three pence.*

And so, full of prejudice and disgruntlement, I went down from Central Park West to the Bowery. It was an Edward Hopper afternoon: tenement walls seemed just one bright and innocent pastel composition. Two hundred homeless men were demonstrating outside the Kenton Hotel. This is a shelter for single men: the "best in New York," they tell me, if that superlative can be used without irony. I am, as you know, a habitué of demonstrations. I saw at once that even the Left had done triage on the homeless: there was not one Spartacist-Trotskyist broadsheet. "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need," but let's not be ridiculous, comrade. I saw, as well, that I often could not distinguish a homeless man from his sympathizer and advocate. In general these were not the lapel droolers who flop across your windshield on Houston Street. Homelessness has come to middle-class New York.

Which is partly why the homeless have begun organizing. That afternoon 110 men were registered to vote, address or not. The Kenton can accommodate 241 (further uptown, for instance, there are 1,200 sleeping just three feet apart from one another). Through modest activism Kenton men got window shades and their own washer-dryer hookup. The 8-A.M.-out/11-P.M.-in rule was revoked (several had no place to go from 8 to 11). Until last month some brusque security dude would pat you down for weapons at the door: which rite of passage homeless men resented. Now an airport metal detector is in place. Small advances, sure, but the government has been made to negotiate. We are producing, no question about it, a brighter, more resilient class of pauper in New York.

But why are there homeless at all,

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damn it? That question inconveniences my complacency. "Because"—said Keith Summa, an assistant director of Coalition for the Homeless—"there's no affordable housing in New York." On reflection I could believe him. I know otherwise sane people who pay $1,400 a month for a studio apartment with airshaft view. "We've lost over a hundred thousand SRO [single-room occupancy] dwellings since 1970." Near where I live, Columbus Avenue went from low-rent brownstone to high-rent condo ice-cube tray in half a decade. My Red Apple supermarket, once your local food-stamp checkout, became a toney, fish-tank-with-live-trout place overnight.

According to the free-market model, people should be relocating. But they aren't. "Listen," said Summa, "it's hard enough to get someone to move from one neighborhood to another. Besides, major cities across America have the same homeless percentage—roughly 1 or 2 per cent." That's a lot of homeless.

And the profile of a homeless man has changed since 1970. "Once you had primarily older white male alcoholics living right here on the Bowery. Several thousand, but not tens of thousands. Now the typical homeless

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN A 1906 column for the *Illustrated London News*, G. K. Chesterton observed that

> people have got into their heads an extraordinary idea that English public-school boys and English youth generally are taught to tell the truth. They are taught absolutely nothing of the kind. At no English public school is it even suggested, except by accident, that it is a man's duty to tell the truth. What is suggested is something entirely different: that it is a man's duty not to tell lies. . . . Can anyone on earth believe that if the seeing and telling of the whole truth were really one of the ideals of the English governing class, there could conceivably exist such a thing as the English party system? Why, [that] system is founded upon the principle that . . . half a truth is better than no politics.

Somewhere in that paragraph is a lesson for the twentieth-century American democrat of either party, the apostle of Global Niceness who believes (for reasons having little in common with the traditional British concept of what a Gentleman Does Not Do) that a crucial portion of the habits by which nations have historically negotiated with one another is alien to the American Way and that our government should not therefore have anything to do with such habits.

Thus Andrew Marshall, in his Foreword to *Soviet Strategic Deception* (Hoover Institution Press, Lexington Books, Lexington, Mass.; $49), edited by Brian D. Dailey and Patrick J. Parker, notes that "This book deals with a topic that is uncongenial to many people and not a major focus of attention." For people of this sort, a society like the Soviet Union, whose existence is founded on a colossal lie—a society of which it may be said, as of the late Lillian Hellman (who would doubtless have been flattered by the comparison) that every word it speaks is a lie, including "and" and "the"—may be a phenomenological truth, but certainly not a moral one (since what is Moral is always True, and what is True must necessarily be Nice). Besides: if one suspects that the CPSU really *has* practiced deceit when dealing with its enemies (the Nice word is "competitors") in the past, is doing so today, and is also engaged in formulating deceit and deception for twenty years into the future, the uncomfortable but inevitable question becomes: What are you going to do about it? And the fact is, of course, that Nice people don't do . . . *anything*; except act Nice.

Soviet Strategic Deception deals with the subject in its every facet and permutation: fascinating reading, it is also (at 538 pages) an invaluable work of reference on the shelf. Among its lengthy roster of contributors are Arnold Beichman, Robert Bathurst, Robert Conquest, William R. Graham, William R. Van Cleave, and David S. Yost, plus the editors themselves, Messrs. Dailey and Parker. Their subject is primarily Soviet deceptive practices in peacetime, but the Soviet uses of the military to these ends are also considered. The volume is clearly and effectively organized to show how deception, dishonesty, and criminality in dealing with "competitors" are both explicit and implicit in Soviet ideology, and indeed in Soviet thought and language (on this subject Bathurst's "On Soviet Linguistics: Expropriating Utopia" and Conquest's "Ideology and Deception" are of note); how from this root has grown an elaborate and carefully considered program by which the Kremlin has conspired to turn arms-control treaties to its long-term benefit (cf. especially Graham's "Soviet Deception and Arms Control" and Dailey's "Deception, Perceptions Management, and Self-Deception in Arms Control: An Examination of the ABM Treaty"); how the USSR has deceived the West about the nature of its military planning, arms expenditures, and development of chemical and biological weapons; manipulated Western opinion ("perceptions management") by taking full advantage of the openness of democratic society (cf. Yost's "The Soviet Campaign against INF in West Germany"); and how its efforts have affected American nuclear stategy and, therefore, international and domestic security (cf. Leon Sloss's "Impact of Deception on U.S. Nuclear Strategy" and Van Cleave's alarming "Surprise Nuclear Attack").

For purposes of taxonomy, *Soviet Strategic Deception* distinguishes between deception (the direction of essentially technical disinformation toward Western governments and officials) and "perceptions management" (the manipulation of public opinion in the West), as well as *maskirovka* (military cover and misrepresentation). Underlying all this, however, is a broader theme, effectively summarized by Patrick Parker in his concluding essay. The fundamental point, he argues, is that the Americans and the Soviets simply do not understand strategy in the same way. "To the Soviets, the fight model is the normal paradigm; to the Americans it is voluntary exchange for mutual benefit." This divergence, combined with the West's failure to comprehend it, poses a grave threat to the free world. He concludes: "This vicious, deceitful, and repressive dictatorship must not be allowed to use its guile on American credulity to bring about a new dark age." □

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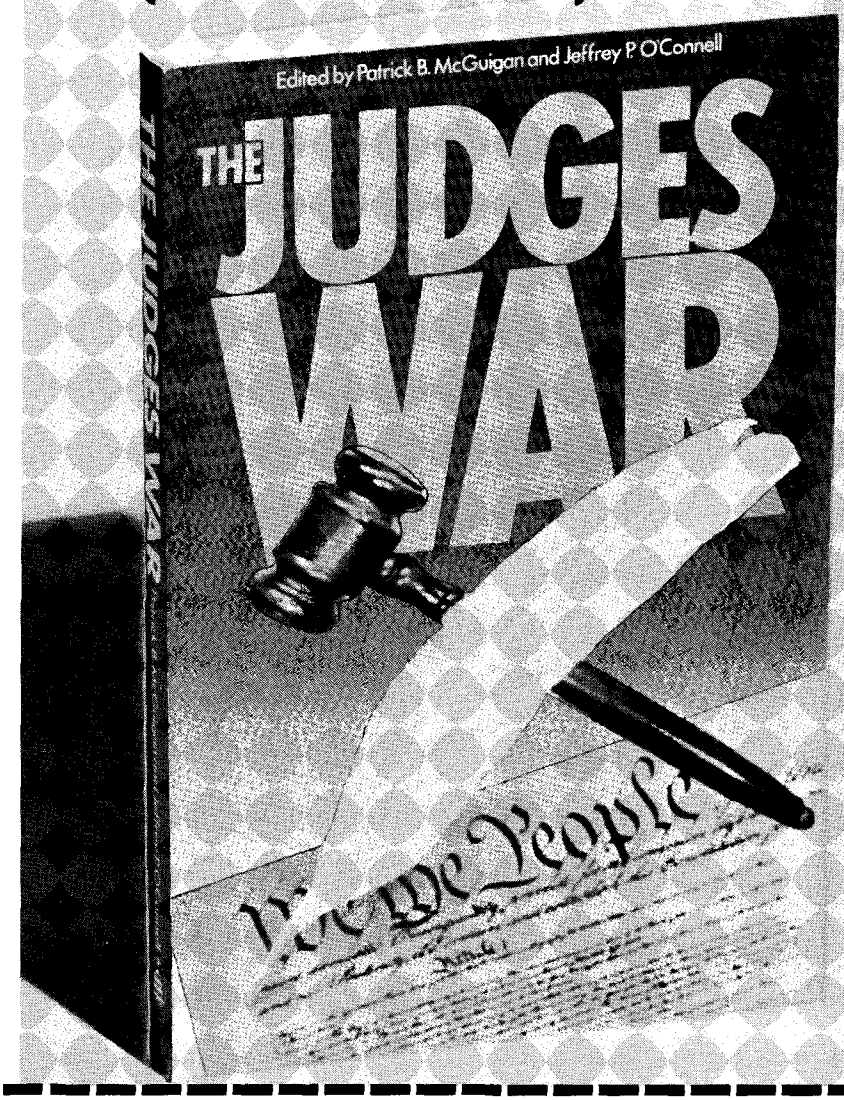

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man is black and in his mid-thirties." And, most bewildering of all, that homeless black male often *has a job.* He works: he just can't afford rent. "Where do you live, if you're earning $4 per hour as a security guard and you have no family?" In the Kenton, I guess. If you're lucky.

Summa is 22 and a graduate of NYU. He started at the bottom: handing out sandwiches at Grand Central Station (where four hundred are fed each night). "You realize soon enough that you could hand out sandwiches forever." Now he and the Coalition are trying to organize homeless people in New York. "Because it isn't enough to have do-gooder advocates saying, 'This is what the homeless want.'" Summa, frankly, doesn't admire Ed Koch. Koch contends that 80 per cent of the homeless need institutional care. "We recognize that there is a percentage who do need care. But it's closer to 20 or 30 per cent. If you say that people belong in institutions, you can pass the buck. Because mental institutions are the state's responsibility, not the city's. Go bother Cuomo."

Summa has partial answers. Being short on background, I reserve judgment. One might be "inclusionary zoning." In San Francisco and Boston, commercial real-estate developers must either contribute to a homeless trust fund or, better, provide low-income housing. There is also the prodigious stock of vacant property owned by New York City. Renovation would be expensive. But it costs $40,000 per year to house a family in a welfare hotel. And $1,000 per month for each person at the Kenton. I cannot think of money less imaginatively spent.

This is a dilemma that conservatives, in particular, had better address soon. I say so because: 1) We tend to become impatient with and perhaps somewhat forgetful of those who don't compete well in the economic steeplechase. 2) An employed black man deserves more than communal shelter. 3) Only conservative economists have chutzpah and cunning enough to relieve the homeless. 4) It will be a significant issue in 1988. 5) If conservatives don't address it, some liberal demagogue may: stupidly and at an expense that will capsize our cities. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Mencken and Sara: A Life in Letters, edited by Marion Elizabeth Rodgers (McGraw-Hill, 551 pp., $22.95)

H. L. MENCKEN wrote love letters? The same H. L. Mencken who proposed a $1-a-day tax on all bachelors because, he claimed, it was worth that much to be free? Eighteen years Mencken's junior, Sara Haardt was a Goucher College graduate and a fledgling writer when the two met in 1923 during one of Mencken's periodic visits to the Baltimore women's college. Thus began a correspondence which survived their marriage in 1930 and continued to her early death (from tuberculosis) in 1935. Marion Elizabeth Rodgers retrieved these letters from the Haardt collection, which Mencken had donated to Goucher in the fall of 1935. Only now are they being published. Would Mencken have approved? Probably not. He was a private man who preferred to keep his "comic mask" (Edmund Wilson's phrase) firmly in place. In the course of these letters the mask does slip. What is revealed, however, is not a hard-faced curmudgeon, but a fuzzy-cheeked fifty-year-old, give or take a few years, who was very much in love for perhaps the first time. In her introduction to this thoroughly annotated correspondence (which includes many more letters from Mencken than from Sara, owing to her greater care in preserving his missives), Marion Rodgers concludes that the two were united in their love of Baltimore, their love-hate attitude toward the South, their penchant for looking on life as a human comedy, their mutual respect, and their "dim view" of marriage. To Mencken, however, marriage was always a possibility—so long as both parties subscribed to his version of a pre-nuptial agreement: "I hereby promise to do my damnedest. And you are hereby notified that I expect you to be polite." If their letters are any indication, this

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contract was in force well before their marriage, a marriage made in the only heaven the agnostic Mr. Mencken ever claimed to know. JOHN C. CHALBERG

Sixty-One: The Team, the Record, the Men, by Tony Kubek and Terry Pluto (Macmillan, 269 pp., $19.95)

THERE WAS nothing surprising about the New York Yankees' winning another pennant in 1961, but it was still a most remarkable season for two reasons: 1) the powerhouse Yankee lineup, regarded by some as the greatest in history, set the current record for team home runs (240); and 2) Roger Maris hit 61 of those Yankee homers to break Babe Ruth's long-standing and hallowed mark of 60. This slightly belated 25th anniversary salute by the '61 Yankees' shortstop, Tony Kubek, continues the neo-appreciation of Maris's feat, which is finally becoming widely recognized as one of the greatest achievements in all of sports history. Although Kubek's interviews with his former teammates in the last third of the book effectively delineate each man's contributions to the team's success and update their lives since the big year, the overall emphasis is on Maris, whose *big* year was actually a hellish ordeal, enflamed by controversy. For most of the season Maris *and* Mickey Mantle chased the Babe—injuries dropped the Mick out of the derby near the end—and many people, including the Yankee players, wanted the golden boy, Mantle (who had been with the team much longer than Maris), to be the one to knock off Ruth, if anybody was going to. Commissioner Ford Frick's infamous asterisk decision turned up the pressure and touched off a giant controversy in the press (involving comparisons between Ruth and Maris as ballplayers and men and between all facets of baseball in the Twenties and Sixties) that degenerated into the questioning of whether the quiet Maris even had the right to challenge the legendary and beloved Ruth. Even though Maris was the consummate team player and never put his pursuit of the record ahead of the good of the team, the more vicious sportswriters gloated when Maris, despite a valiant effort in game 154, did indeed fail to set a new record within Frick's time frame. Yet, if anything, the pressure from a swarming, badgering, insensitive, and often hostile press intensified over the Yankees' remaining eight games, and Kubek's book clearly shows that Maris's ability to hit two more homers (number 61 on the last day of the season) in the face of such pressure was nothing short of heroic. The book also makes us feel the sadness of the hero never returning to Yankee Stadium on Old Timers' Day until he was dying of cancer, for fear of being booed, as he was so many times during 1961, when he had the temerity to do his job to the best of his ability, better than any other man in baseball history. MIKE SHANNON

Ranger Mosby, by Virgil Carrington Jones (EPM Publications, 348 pp., $12.95)

EPM PUBLICATIONS, based in McLean, Virginia, here rescues from obscurity the standard work on John Singleton Mosby, leader of the Confederacy's most effective and notorious guerrilla band. Originally published in 1944, *Ranger Mosby* traces the man's life and his creation of the 43rd Battalion, which, though it numbered less than a thousand men, hounded the Army of the Potomac until the end of the war, and helped stave off the fall of Richmond. Mounted, and usually armed only with revolvers, Mosby's raiders cut lines of communication, robbed supply trains, and destroyed railroads—and then blended back into the northern-Virginia countryside. After the war, the feisty Mosby, a lawyer by trade, became nearly as successful as he had been on the battlefield. He allied himself with his old enemy, General (now President) Grant, and preached against the dangers of sectionalism. And he refought the old battles, while deriding the humbug of nostalgia. In 1894 he called General Jubal Early "that old fraud . . . who assumes to be a sort of administrator of the Confederate Army. . . . The fact is that old Early himself was the first man after the war who deserted our people. As soon as he heard of Lee's surrender, he took to his heels and ran away to Canada instead of doing as I did—staying with our people—taking all the chances—and helping them to recover self-government." *Ranger Mosby*, written using a lot of old-timers' reminiscences, sheds much light on one of the Civil War's more enigmatic figures. JOE MYSAK

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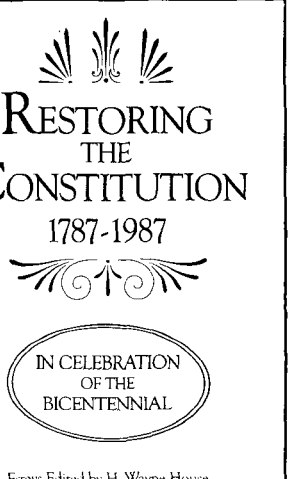

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TITANIC BOUND

ABOARD L'ABEILLE SUPPORTER, SEPT. 4

THE TENDER VESSEL is bound for the spot where the *Titanic* sank on the 15th of April, 1912. It carries aboard, from the little French island of St. Pierre just south of Newfoundland, a half-dozen of the entrepreneurs who make up the U.S. end of the expedition devoted to lifting artifacts and memorabilia from the floor of the ocean, down two and one-half miles from the ocean's surface. There is the tension one might expect in returning to the business of diving deep into the ocean, deeper by far than any submarine can travel. There is additional tension because, although all the tradition of salvage adamantly affirms that the *Titanic* operation could proceed with the kind of self-assurance one associates with the operations that in years gone by have salvaged gold and diamonds and frankincense and myrrh off Bermuda, Florida, Peru, indeed everywhere in the world where storms or pirates have sunk boats loaded down with treasure, there is something different about the *Titanic*. Although it has been 75 years since it went down and there are only a half-dozen survivors of that haunted night still living, the *Titanic* is widely thought of as an international monument, incorruptible in its chaotic arrangements on the ocean floor.

For this reason great tenderness is being shown toward the White Star's glamorous, ill-starred vessel. There has been no manhandling of the ghostly carapace, the forward end of it separated from the stern end by a half-mile. During the preceding six weeks, divers in the tiny submersible with its prehensile arms and marsupial front have brought up only loose-lying artifacts that would otherwise have continued to rest on the ocean floor. Where these will finally end, it is too early to know. There is pressure from French museums (France has been the principal partner of the U.S. enterprise). And the U.S. situation is complicated by a federal law, enacted at the bidding of Senator Lowell Weicker, that forbids bringing any memorabilia from the *Titanic* into the U.S. with an eye to "profit." This presumably means that if the Metropolitan Museum were to judge artifacts from the *Titanic* as being of historical interest, even as artifacts from the *Argonaut* are seductive to human curiosity, it could not legally bid to possess them. The problem is one part legal, one part moral, and the adventurers-entrepreneurs on this two-hundred-foot tender, led by Robert Chappaz of France and John Joslyn of California, are not finally resolved on what to do with it all, after it goes from here to France, where a government agency will preside over the restoration. And then to Monte Carlo or Paris, where the artifacts will be a part of a documentary scheduled to be shown in America on the night of October 28.

The hold the *Titanic* has on the public is evidenced by the score of books that have been published since the seven-hundred-odd survivors came in to New York harbor on April 18, leaving behind them over 1,500 people who died on that starlit night, when the ocean was so smooth that if its temperature (four degrees below freezing) had served to create ice, passengers who did not get a place in the lifeboats could have skated away.

But the waters south of Newfoundland do not freeze over, however efficient they are in freezing people who jump into them: jump into them not as trainees for the Polar Bear Club, but because some passengers elected that alternative to merely going down with the 882-foot vessel, the largest ever built at the time, embarked on its luxurious maiden voyage from Southampton to New York.

ONE POPULAR LEGEND about the *Titanic* is that those who were not aboard the sparse lifeboats went down to the bottom of the sea in the vessel. They didn't. In fact, the evidence is that—as they crowded the stern deck, waiting for the final, exhausted plunge as the sea water, pulling in through the starboard cavity sprung by the iceberg, crawled aft toward them—they had on life preservers. They were visible to the survivors in the twenty lifeboats and rafts. When the *Titanic* went down, its crew and passengers floated up under the buoyant imperative of their life preservers, including the musicians who were playing in the main saloon as the great ship went down. One hopes there were wise men among them who thought to ditch their life preservers, because that way they'd have died within a matter of minutes. As it happened, they floated up from the descending ship in a tight circle around the spot where the ship had squatted from the moment the engines were turned off at a quarter before midnight, until twenty minutes after two in the morning, when it took its final, all but vertical dive. Instead of going down they floated in the freezing water, and there was testimony by the survivors to the awful wails of pain, desperation, and entreaty, lasting as long as forty minutes, as little by little they were frozen to death. Leaving forever unanswered the question, Why didn't the lifeboats, half of which were half empty, make any effort to rescue at least a few of the survivors? There will be no hint given of why this was so when in two days I go down to see the remains of the *Titanic*. □

LINGERING QUESTIONS

ABOARD L'ABEILLE SUPPORTER, SEPT. 7

BY DAWN tomorrow, the ocean-going French tender will have reached the secret spot in the ocean two and one-half miles beneath which are the remains of the *Titanic*. When, just before midnight on April 14, 1912, the slight yet distinctive sound was heard (like shredding a piece of calico, one survivor put it), Captain Edward Smith was roused, went to the bridge, and asked Second Officer C. H. Lightoller to calculate the ship's position so that emergency help might be summoned. In a few minutes he gave out the coordinates that figure in all the literature on the *Titanic:* 41-46 N, 50-14 W. And that position was fixed in romantic and scientific memory up until the summer of 1985, when a French-U.S. expedition, using technology much of which is still secret, succeeded in locating the remains of the vessel. Approximately ten miles away from the legendary spot.

This datum has major historical interest for those who blame for the human loss Captain Stanley Lord, master of the *Californian*, two of whose officers reported seeing eight flares coming from a vessel. How far away? Exactly where? Captain Lord must have been very sleepy, because he asked the officer who woke him to advise what exactly the flares were like. That mystifying question was on the order of asking what language an SOS had been received in. Captain Lord went back to sleep, as 1,500 passengers and crew from the *Titanic* froze to death. It wasn't until the following morning when the *Carpathia* hove in to rescue the survivors that Captain Lord was induced to proceed to 41-46, 50-14 to pick up corpses. He spent a few hours in that location, gave up, and then resumed his journey to Boston and to historical obloquy, never mind that he continued to serve as a sea captain, though not for the White Star line.

There are specialists who mitigate the responsibility of Captain Lord on the grounds that the lighting of the flares was at a different time, according to survivors, from the time the flares were sighted aboard the *Californian*. But since it wasn't the Fourth of July or the King's Birthday, it remains hard to guess what it was

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that caused Captain Lord to continue to immobilize his vessel (he had ordered it halted pending daylight because of ice conditions). So then who else might have been at fault? It is popularly supposed that Captain Smith led the vessel at high cruising speed (21 knots) because he and J. Bruce Ismay, British chairman of the U.S.-owned White Star line, wished to set a transatlantic speed record, and damn the torpedoes. This explanation was not endorsed by any of the three investigative bodies, though it has never entirely lost its advocates. Its principal weakness is that there was no way the *Titanic* could have set a record. There were boats in service that were smaller, lighter, and faster. And, anyway, the captain was taking a North Atlantic route which was the fairway for transatlantic traffic, so that the icebergs that several ships had spotted (warning the *Titanic* of their presence) were thought to be anomalous (never again: after the *Titanic* disaster, the ice patrol was instituted, and since then there have been no iceberg deaths in the North Atlantic thoroughfare).

There was of course the dearth of lifeboats. Even if every one of them had gone off filled, over a thousand people would have drowned. Yet their number fulfilled the specifications of the relevant British Board of Trade. One of the designers of the *Titanic*, the prodigious effort of the great shipbuilders Harland & Wolff in Ulster, had recommended extra lifeboats, and to that end had provided davits strong enough to handle four fully loaded lifeboats one after another. But management hadn't wanted to use up precious deck space for more boats than, surely, were needed by a ship that was widely thought to be, God help us, unsinkable.

So that quickly after the ship hit the iceberg (within about an hour) it became known that hundreds would die. And the melodramatic two hours and 35 minutes before the ship went down was accepted by the great public galleries as final testimony to British phlegm; this even though the most conspicuous heroism was that of American millionaires. Mrs. Isidor Straus had declined to step into a lifeboat leaving her husband behind, so they went to deck chairs to die. Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim and his valet, accepting without question the priority given to women and children, went back to their cabins and re-emerged in black tie, sitting down at a table in the first-class lounge where they would die as gentlemen should; as gentlemen did.

The *Titanic* was for three-quarters of a century a continuing source of legend and historical curiosity and then, in 1985, it was spotted. There was further diving in 1986, and diving this summer with the retrieval, for the first time, of artifacts. There is a lot of bottled wine down there, and much else that captures the curiosity of men and women who are not questioned when they decide to collect stamps or coins; but who, expressing through the entrepreneurs of this mission curiosity to see something of what went down to the bottom of the very deep sea 75 years ago, are by some segments of the public thought to be engaged in grave-robbing. The people aboard this working tender aren't that way at all, not at all. They have given time, solicited research funds, and raised speculative investments from people who can think of fitter places than the bottom of the sea, at a still secret location, for the spirit-catching debris of the most mythogenic sinking in international history. □

DOWN TO THE TITANIC

ABOARD LE NADIR, SEPT. 9

IT WAS unmistakably a man's outdoor walking shoe, and it appeared as if being exhibited by Abercrombie & Fitch, from a painting by Salvador Dali. Beneath the shoe and surrounding it was bright yellow sand. A few feet to the right, a teacup, glistening white; no saucer. And sprinkled here and there, as if to keep a tablecloth from being buffeted by the wind, chunks of black rock formations, about the size of a human wrist. Coal. And all of this I was seeing through a one-foot-thick glass porthole the size of a kitchen's electric clock. We were gliding over the target area—a few acres of ocean floor onto which the sinking vessel had disgorged a small part of the paraphernalia of the 2,200 people traveling exuberantly on the maiden voyage of the *Titanic* across the Atlantic Ocean.

I wondered—was that shoe I saw covering a human foot on the night of April 15, 1912? The answer can't be known certainly because the men and women who died when the *Titanic* went down were on the surface of the water, frozen to death. The exception was the engineers who fought bravely below to maintain electric power on the great decks above them.

We stopped to fetch the teacup. By common agreement, the entrepreneurs have agreed not to excavate personal articles. But if we pick up a pocketbook, open it, and find inside a woman's wristwatch, we do not toss the wristwatch back.

The foraging resumed. We (the little $20-million French submarine *Nautile*) were looking for three specific objects, previously photographed: one of them a man's valise; the second, a part of a leaded window, missing from the larger window now reconstructed; and the third, the loose-lying control levers that had fallen from the bridge, from which Captain Edward Smith had ordered the engines to shut down after the iceberg was hit.

"Turn to 130 degrees, then go for sixty meters," the voice from the radio came in, giving the instructions of the navigating coordinator aboard the mother ship, the French *Nadir*, two and one-half miles above us. Georges, the senior pilot, lying on his chest, reoriented the little sub in the indicated direction and we crept noiselessly forward, one meter above the yellow sand. The co-pilot sat on his little chair. He looked through the porthole, the top of an isosceles triangle at the base of which are the other two portholes. And beyond the porthole, Pierrot has two small television screens giving him a remote video view of what lies immediately ahead. To his left are two more little video screens, one of them showing the action of the prosthetic arms, the manipulation of which permits the *Nautile* to recover, with the precision of a surgeon's scalpel, artifacts as dainty as a brooch, and either insert them into the submarine's marsupial or, if they are too bulky, identify them with a floating flasher, to be brought up later in a basket made buoyant by large plastic corks. My job, as "observer," was constantly to strain my eyes to the right, lest we glide by the objective. And to direct the attention of Georges to any object I thought especially interesting. My problem was that I found everything especially interesting, which would not have been the case after six weeks of diving (it is too fatiguing for the same divers to go on successive days: it is one day on, two off). But soon I came to know when to bid legitimately for the attention of Georges and when simply to think, Forget it. Just one more teacup from the *Titanic*.

It is all being carefully husbanded, scrubbed, and put back in saltwater tanks for preservation. A French national laboratory will take it from there. They will have, to exhibit in museums, more than one hundred articles taken from the ocean floor, including the doctor's satchel we spotted, and a gentleman's gold cufflink case.

THE *Nautile* is a technological miracle, but if ever they decide at Disney World to imitate it for public consumption, they will need to make generous alterations. On climbing out of the *Nautile* nine and one-half hours after entering it, I reached for a description to satisfy the curiosity of a young American associate of the sponsoring firm, who wanted to know what it was like. It is—I said—something like hiring John Kenneth Galbraith, Haystacks Calhoun, and Jackie Gleason to move into a 1950 Volkswagen and play jointly a Bach toccata on a two-console organ. No one larger than 5 feet 6 inches can—ever—stretch out his legs. A cold aluminum bar bisects the stomach if you are lying down peering out of the porthole (there were six and one-half non-stop hours of that), and does the same to your back if you try to lie down (you will) on the ninety-minute trip down, and the hundred-minute trip up. You can sit with your knees bent, but must not lean back. You might push one of those thousand toggle switches, who knows, the one that will add your watch and shoes to the collection on the ocean floor.

It is one hell of an enterprise. □

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Preparedness

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY SHRANK, from second-generation *NR* readers and Sarah.

ATTRACTIVE, HEALTHY, educated, secure lady, 53, seeks secure, healthy, educated, retired gentleman for world travel, companionship. Likes travel, nature, people, learning, sports, laughter, life. NR Box 5041.

PALM DESERT, California, gentleman, 66, seeks cultured lady who might share his enjoyment of any of the following: golf, swimming, bridge, dancing, languages, and cruising. Preferably someone who is also sober, sane, nonsmoker, solvent, and cheerful. Sex is past-tense but romance and companionship could flourish. Reply to NR Box 5042.

DIRECTORY for thinking singles. Loveline, Box 9524, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

N.Y.-AREA FEMALE, 24, tall, slim, pretty, bright, fun, educated, and moral. Interests include skiing, skating, and walks. Ready to settle down with a strong, educated, and honest man to share traditional family life, hugs, great cooking, and life. Willing to relocate. Write NR Box 5022.

SAN DIEGO ATTORNEY, conservative, male, 29. Interests include reading, *NR*, swimming, and good conversation. Seeks like-minded, intelligent female. Write NR Box 4497.

PULCHRITUDINOUS PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 40s, painter/poet (published), politically conservative, combining femininity with intelligence most harmoniously—loves Native American philosophy, the woods, dancing—seeks "Renaissance Man" of action and culture, highly successful (six-figure minimum), with courage, integrity, and a flair for living—to share love of great books and music, city evenings of elegance, and the joy of life with, as foundation to possible serious, long-term relationship. (East Coast.) Write NR Box 5012.

SCOTS-IRISH WIDOWER, 67, needs quiet, nonsmoking, small woman with big heart: travel, writing, gardening, sunsets, and laughter. NR Box 5043.

CHICAGO-AREA MALE, 27, single, entrepreneur, enjoys life, travel, photography, music. Seeks to correspond with and meet female, 21-31, with traditional values (are there any left?) for friendship and possible relationship. Write NR Box 5046.

MONETA: Old friend from 500 Fifth wonders how you are. Write NR Box 5047.

N.W. OREGON, politically conservative female, early 50s and widowed. Seeking friend of opposite sex, ages 55–? I'm community-minded and have been told that I'm attractive, generous, and have a sense of humor. I know that I am honest and sincere. Interests are many—enjoy music of all types, poetry, reading, dancing, conversation, neon lights, miniature trains, gardening, sunning, and cats. Children grown. Interested? If so, write and send photo to NR Box 5032.

BEAUTIFUL, INTELLIGENT, witty, petite blonde sculptor, middle-aged, seeks fit gentleman, non-Catholic, 40–55, who enjoys art, nature, hiking, tennis, cooking, dancing, travel, and reading and who is sensitive and caring—preferably in the humanities. Photo requested. NR Box 5036.

MARRIAGE-MINDED N.Y. male, white, 40, 6'1", secure, optimistic reborn Christian who follows Jesus, not denominations. Seeks never-married lady to share quiet home life, gospel music, long talks, walks, nature's beauty. NR Box 5033.

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UNBELIEVABLY CHARMING, perky woman, 24, of great intelligence and physical beauty, desires to meet well-educated young man, 27–33, who can join her in the manner to which she has become accustomed . . . skiing in Switzerland, yachting off Newport, long walks on the beach, spontaneous fun, and Italian cuisine. Write NR Box 5013.

MY BEAUTIFUL, CHICAGO-BASED, 25-year-old sister (blond hair, blue eyes, flight attendant) has had trouble, in today's permissive society, meeting someone with traditional Christian values for long-term relationship and possible marriage. Interests include travel, photography, sports. Seeking someone handsome, settled, conservative, believer in traditional family values and ethics. Please write and send picture to NR Box 4498.

Miscellaneous

PARENTS: What did you say/do to get your kids off substances/drugs? Conversations, approaches needed for academic study. No names. Wordsmiths, Box 5882, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Like Bernard Baruch — PHILANTHROPIST — 116 121 59 147 89 137 14 109 43 2 31 76 127

B. First Roman Emperor — AUGUSTUS — 26 145 96 149 130 70 166 8

C. Without meaning? — UNDEFINED — 100 81 113 158 61 138 10 57 21

D. Office stationery — METAL HEAD — 48 28 110 93 67 84 15 40 146 157

E. This boxer is no chicken! — FEATHERWEIGHT — 60 73 136 98 39 153 4 83 16 126 23 56 165

F. Roman poet of note — OVID — 85 142 107 58

G. Gaunt — RAWBONED — 164 5 124 160 18 86 69 50

H. Mideast capital — DAMASCUS — 82 94 148 53 118 3 155 22

I. Ali, at one time! — RINGLEADER — 132 141 74 108 34 92 47 159 119 19

J. Acquired relations? (hyph.) — IN-LAWS — 143 112 20 122 71 42

K. Enthusiastic worker (hyph.) — GO-GETTER — 77 117 154 62 101 6 25 106

L. Centerfold originator (full name) — HUGH HEFNER — 125 95 135 52 78 44 13 65 167 24

M. Jogged, equine style — TROTTED — 151 75 12 120 30 49 104

N. Where historical papers are kept — ARCHIVES — 111 63 88 32 156 45 11 150

O. First-rate (Brit.) — NOBBY — 139 37 91 68 161

P. Golfer's gouge — DIVOT — 140 129 162 35 102

Q. Cutlery rejuvenator — WHETSTONE — 17 97 46 123 36 79 133 90 7

R. Don't serve this to Def. L! (2 words) — RABBIT STEW — 41 80 152 99 163 54 1 27 64 131

S. Anti — ANTIPODES — 103 115 38 9 29 72 144

T. Negative — NOT — 134 105 55

U. Grotesque — GOTHIC — 87 114 51 128 33 66

					1 R S	2 A O	3 H C	4 E R	5 G A	6 K T	7 Q E	8 B S		9 S O	10 C N	11 N E		12 M O	13 L F
	14 A T	15 D H	16 E E		17 Q W	18 G O	19 I R	20 J L	21 C D	22 H S		23 E G	24 L R	25 K E	26 B A	27 R T	28 D E	29 S S	30 M T
	31 A P	32 N H	33 U I	34 I L	35 P O	36 Q S	37 O O	38 S P	39 E H	40 D E	41 R R	42 J S		43 A R	44 L E	45 N V	46 Q Æ	47 I A	48 D L
49 M E	50 G D		51 U T	52 L H	53 H A	54 R T		55 T T	56 E H	57 C E		58 F D	59 A I	60 E F	61 C F	62 K E	63 N R	64 R E	65 L N
66 U C	67 D E		68 O B	69 G E	70 B T	71 J W	72 S E	73 E E	74 I N		75 M R	76 A H	77 K G	78 L H	79 Q T		80 R A	81 C N	82 H D
	83 E W	84 D A	85 F O	86 G N	87 U G		88 N C	89 A A	90 Q N		91 O B	92 I E		93 D T	94 H A	95 L U	96 B G	97 Q H	98 E T
	99 R B	100C U	101K T		102P T	103S O		104M D	105T O		106K R	107F I	108I G	109A H	110D T		111N A	112J N	113C D
	114U O	115S P	116A P	117K O	118H S	119I E		120M T	121A H	122J A	123Q T		124G W	125L H	126E I	127A E	128U H		129P I
130B S		131R W	132I R	133Q O	134T N	135L G		136E A	137A N		138C I	139O N	140P D	141I I	142F W	143J I	144S D	145B U	146D A
147A T		148H M	149B U	150N S	151M T		152R B	153E E		154K G	155H U	156N I	157D D	158C E	159I D		160G B	161O Y	
162P V	163R I	164G R	165E T	166B U	167L E														

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 72 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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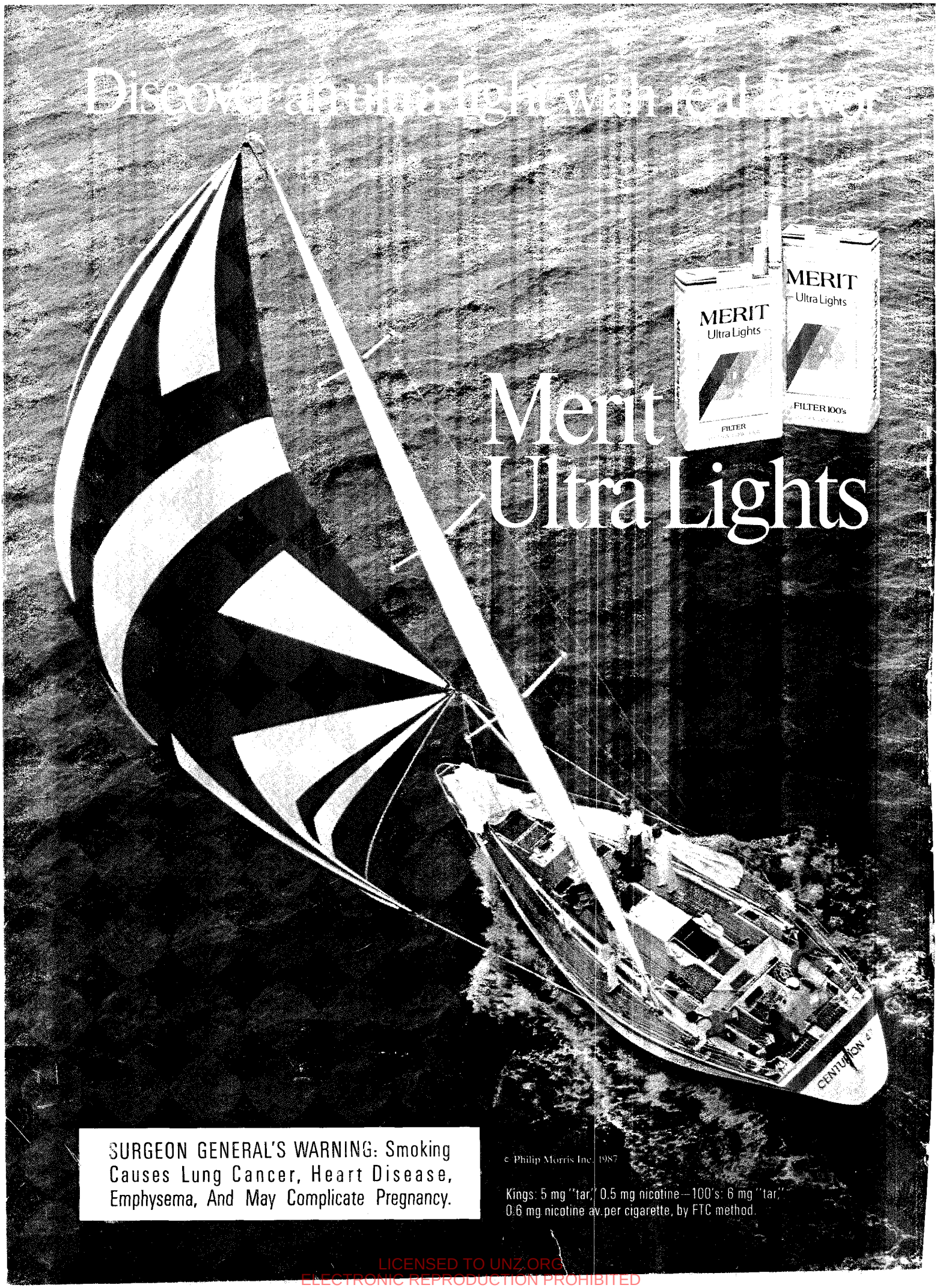

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

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Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's: 6 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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